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Contents

Editorial Notes 297

Leading Articles
- The Surrender of Prussia 300
- The Rescue of Russia 301
- Preliminary to Reconstruction 304

General Articles
- Economics of Land Settlement ..... Alvin Johnson 306
- F. H. ..... P. L. 308
- For the Upkeep of a Statue ..... Dunsany 310
- The Battle of the Allies ..... E. Réquin 310
- The Hostile Hills (Verse) ..... Louis Untermeyer 312
- When the War Ends ..... Alexander Fleisher 313
- Russian Impressions—I ..... Ernest Poole 315

Reviews of Books
- Exiles ..... F. H. 318
- Mr. Asquith ..... H. J. L. 319
- A Study of the Commonplace ..... Lola Ridge 320

AS diplomatic documents go, the German note is on its face extraordinarily clear and unequivocal. Our press commentators have done their best to make a trap out of the word "basis" in the acceptance by the German government of the President's programme "as a basis of peace negotiations." They might have spared themselves the pains. Any other formula would have been subjected by them to the same scrutiny, with equivalent results. It is not the words of the German government that we distrust, but the German government itself. For very good reason, we long ago adjusted ourselves to the notion that when the German government should begin to feel itself beaten in the field of battle, it would seek to redeem its fortunes by diplomacy. What guaranty have we that this is not just the chicane we anticipated? None. In advance of the peace conference, we can have no guaranty from the land of Realpolitik upon which we can rely absolutely. We cannot even be sure that the whole peace proposal is not set forth to tempt us to reject it, that the proof of an implacable world may cement the devotion of the German masses to the Junkertum and the Kaiser. A more or less humiliated and mutilated Germany—what is that to the Junkers, so they retain their hold on the people's loyalty? The moral is, not that we must not do business with Germany—for trading life for life is after all business—but that we look sharp to the scales and the coins. Fortunately for us, we have good Yankee wit at the head of our affairs to pit against any possible German wiles.

AN armistice couched in the usual terms, with both armies resting on their arms in the field of battle, is quite inadmissible, no matter how seriously the American and Allied governments may be inclined to consider the German peace overtures. By the theory of the armistice, in the event of failure of negotiations both parties should find themselves in the same relative position as before. But in the present case, the Germans are retiring under severe strain, in constant danger of the snapping of their line, hoping at best to hold their ground until the storms of winter offer a respite from attack and an opportunity to re-form behind the natural barriers of the Meuse. An armistice would be for them a gain equivalent to a whole series of successful rear guard actions. Even if they were a people who had distinguished themselves through the war for the probity of their actions, it would be a reckless expedient to place them in a position to strengthen their hands against Allied demands in the Peace Conference, as an armistice would do inevitably. With their record such as it is, they can not impute the rejection of the armistice to the war lust of their enemies. The Germans may be fit to be trusted later, when the lesson of a disastrous military enterprise has been brought home to them. For the present the risk of trusting them is too great.

NEVERTHELESS there are conditions in which an armistice is thinkable. If the Germans have definitely made up their minds to accept a peace based on the principles laid down by President Wilson, they have no need of sparring for

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positions of vantage. Under President Wilson's principles they will receive no better terms on account of any foreign soil they may be occupying when the conference meets. There is therefore no point in their continued occupation of Belgium and northern France, if their desire for peace is sincere. It is possible for the Allies to call the German bluff, if it is a mere bluff, by agreeing to an armistice on condition that the Germans and their allies proceed forthwith to evacuate all occupied territory. Thus the Allies would have a guaranty of German good faith, and at the same time the German people, or such of them as are still ignorant of the fact of German defeat, will have the requisite evidence of German surrender. And the German plenipotentiaries would prove conciliatory in the Peace Conference under the menace of Allied armies facing their own directly across the frontier. Failure to make peace would entail the wasting of German soil instead of that of France and Belgium.

SUPPOSE that the Central Powers evacuated all occupied territory: how would the military situation stand if in the sequel the war had to be resumed? The Germans would have accumulated in the Rhine provinces all their resources in men and munitions and could put up a stiff fight. With the increasing Allied preponderance in man power, however, the Germans could not hope to hold the west bank of the Rhine indefinitely. But if worse came to worst, they could withdraw behind the Rhine and defend themselves against further invasion for an indefinite time. Evacuation of Italy would leave the Dual Empire in a stronger position than she now holds. The Austrian armies on the Piave are certain to meet disaster if they remain until the Allies can spare a half million men from the western front, as they probably can before the winter is over. The invasion of Italy was an offensive move, meaningless and dangerous now that Austria is on the defensive. The evacuation of Serbia, on the other hand, would have the effect of bringing the war to Austria's borders on the Danube and Save, if the peace negotiations failed. Nevertheless, those rivers offer an excellent defensive line. If then the Allies insist on evacuation, they are not presenting a demand that would bind the Central Powers hand and foot. On the whole, they will be in a disadvantageous position, but by no means helpless.

OF all the arguments against an armistice based on evacuation, that of Senator Poindexter appears to be the most dangerous. "After we have quit fighting, how are we going to begin again in cold blood to renew a war which has almost wrecked the world?" Does the Senator insinuate that a few weeks' respite will allay the Allied passion for justice, if, as he also assumes, the German proposals are made in bad faith, and the peace discussions come to nothing? It is a doubtful service to the cause of America and the Allies to imply that nothing but inertia keeps the war going. And that is what Senator Poindexter's statement does imply. If we cannot renew the war in cold blood, we stand convicted of keeping it going without adequate reason. Most Americans do not conceive the matter in this way. No matter when the peace conference may be convened, there will be ground for doubting that the Germans will yield the points upon which President Wilson has insisted. Therefore, the possibility of renewed war has to be held over them.

A FEW months ago we were assured on excellent authority that all the bitterest hatred of the Germans was concentrated upon President Wilson. They had believed themselves in a fair way of winning the war. Then on the initiative of President Wilson America intervened, not only with money and men, but with a programme of war aims more impossible to reconcile with German hopes and ambitions than any programme that had been promulgated by the Allies. No Central European imperial unit; no aggrandizement at the expense of Russia; a free and united Poland; justice to the oppressed nationalities of Austria-Hungary; Alsace-Lorraine to be thrown into the peace conference for final disposition; democratization of Germany. These were the insults and injuries President Wilson hurled at Imperial Germany in the height of her military pride. They remain the elements of his programme. And yet now the German government has to take steps to popularize Wilson among the people who had been taught to execrate him. The President's speech of September 27th has been published by the newspapers, with the tip that comment had best find it quite compatible with the German view. The Junkers and pan-Germans growl, but everybody else is under compulsion to cooperate with the new government in effecting the moral conquest of Germany by President Wilson.

PRINCE MAXIMILIAN'S speech specially stresses the fact that his government is something wholly new in the world. Parliamentary responsibility is instituted for the first time in German history by the choice of the "freely elected political leaders" of the majority parties as members of his ministry. This, he declares, is not something ephemeral. When peace comes, he is convinced, a government cannot be formed which

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does not have the support of the Reichstag and draw its leaders therefrom. Accordingly a constitutional amendment is going through, permitting members of the Reichstag to serve in the ministry. Formally, this is no doubt a fundamental change. Imagine a constitutional amendment in the United States making the members of Congress eligible to the Cabinet and the establishment of the tradition that Cabinet members should hold office at the pleasure of the House. Taken in conjunction with electoral reform in Prussia, it appears that this constitutional change is not improperly described by the Neueste Nachricten, of the Krupp press, as a "still and bloodless victory that has swept away a great system in a night and put a new one in its place," or by the Deutsche Tageszeitung as a victory "won by our enemies in the very heart of the German Empire." It is proved possible by war to impose constitutional progress upon the German Empire. And further progress will have to be made, especially in the direction of limiting the war powers of the Emperor, before peace comes.

WHEN it comes to demanding fundamental reforms inside Germany there is one which President Wilson will presumably hold out for—woman suffrage. It is well known all over the world that the Germans persist in keeping their womenfolk unenfranchised. In spite of the progress of democratic enlightenment in other countries and the steady advance of the conception of a woman as man's social and political equal, the German nation has not given the slightest official indication that it appreciates this evolution. A federal measure conferring equal franchise ought to be obligatory on any backward nation like Germany before it is re-admitted into democratic society. If the Germans seek to argue that the status of women in Baden is one thing, the status of women in Bavaria another, President Wilson may just as well knock such petty fallacies on the head. Any excuse is good enough for junkers and reactionaries, whether male or female, and there will undoubtedly be anti-suffragists of both sexes in Germany to resist the needed reform. But if the world is being made safe for democracy President Wilson cannot palter with the junkers. They must give up their benighted conceit of sex privilege and defer to the real democracy that has at last arrived.

A GREAT hope is raised by the appointment of Arnold Bennett to be Director of Propaganda in the Ministry of Information at London. Arnold Bennett, some time ago, amid execrations, said that some day the Germans might ask for a peace, a just peace, which we could properly grant. In other words, he said, in effect, that this war would some day end. Such realism is a remarkable trait in a Director of Propaganda. Perhaps Mr. Bennett will not try to make out that every inhabitant of India is a zealous applauder of every act of the British government in India, when the whole intelligent world knows that there is a certain emphatic minority which hisses. And perhaps Mr. Bennett will not try to make out that when a German journalist calls the Kaiser's peace of Brest-Litovsk a wicked peace and a stupid peace, he does it because the Kaiser asks him to. Perhaps Mr. Bennett will confine himself to the really demonstrable successes of the English, which are enormous, and to the really demonstrable moral failures of the Germans, which are colossal. We cannot expect any Director of Propaganda to publish any fact which is positively unpleasant to his country. But perhaps Mr. Bennett, while avoiding unpleasant facts, will also avoid pleasing fictions and will stick to those things which are (a) nice for us and (b) true. So may he live in history as the man who saved the life of the art of nationalistic propaganda, which had begun to smell.

AND, while meditating on propaganda, we are moved to offer a respectful warning to the President. Great Britain may not be a democratic country. But that is no reason why the President should think that he can say so. And he came perilously close to saying so when he told the Senate that the British government did not profess to be democratic. A man in Massachusetts got a term in jail for making democratically uncomplimentary remarks about Great Britain's form of government. Official Allied propaganda demands that all nations which have sense enough to fight the abominable ambitions of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs shall be democracies. Let us assume, then, that the war is over. What, then, is Great Britain? It is the classic land of fiction and of fictions. There is the fiction that it is a kingdom, ruled by a monarch. And there is the fiction, devoutly repeated, that the King does not rule at all. But, in fact, the King does rule—a little incidental bit. What is that little incidental bit? The coarse thumb of the political scientist misses it or mars it. It is a subject for a novelist. It hovers and vibrates in the private relations and private adjustments between the personal character of whoever is Prime Minister and the personal character of whoever is King. To describe it a man should study people for thirty years and then study institutions. We congratulate Mr. Bennett. Ready next fall: "The British King, a Study in Institutional Psychology," by Arnold Bennett, LL.D. (Oxford), Sometime His Majesty's Director of Propaganda.

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The Surrender of Prussia

THE German and Austrian governments have finally submitted a bid for peace, which, taken at its face value, amounts to a clear surrender of every aggressive or dubious political object for which they were or can be accused of fighting. It will not be taken at its face value. So much is clear from the unanimity with which the Allied press denounce it as a peace trap. Of its two essential proposals, the one for an immediate armistice will be and ought to be summarily rejected. There can be no difference of opinion about its impossibility. The only condition on which an immediate cessation of fighting could be granted would be the evacuation of all occupied territory and such further military precautions as would prevent the Germans in the event of a rupture of negotiations from improving their military position in the meantime. The other half of the peace bid, that of a negotiation on the basis of the President's fourteen points in his speech of January 1917, cannot be so summarily dismissed. No matter whether it is to be regarded as an admission of defeat and an offer of surrender, or whether it is only to be considered as a manoeuvre in a peace offensive, it would be a mistake to reject it without discussion. If, as the first supposition declares, their military setbacks have taught the Germans a lesson and they are preparing to yield the fruits of victory to the Allies, they certainly should be encouraged to continue. If, on the other hand, the Germans still consider themselves undefeated and if they are merely trying to prolong resistance by consolidating German opinion in favor of resistance to the end and to sow dissension among the Allies, the most effective way to counteract the manoeuvre is to accept a discussion. If the discussion is accepted, on the basis of the President's policies, it is the Germans who will be divided, as Hindenburg's resignation indicates, and it is the Allies who will be united. If discussion is rejected, the Germans will be united upon resistance to the end and the Allies will be divided by disaffection on the part of the labor groups of France and Great Britain.

If the Central Powers will agree to evacuate, or if they will accept discussion on the proposed basis without an armistice, the Allies have every reason to carry the discussion further. Although the special terms offered by the Central Powers still fall short of satisfying the minimum upon which the western democracies are entitled to insist, they remove many of the obstacles to an agreement which hitherto have been properly considered most formidable. These specific terms include, according to the unofficial reports, an emancipated and indemnified Belgium, an arrangement about Alsace-Lorraine, the abrogation of the eastern treaties, autonomy for the Austrian Slavs, a considerable revision of the map in Turkey, equality of economic opportunities, compulsory arbitration, limitation of armaments and a League of Nations. Such terms as these constitute an enormous step in advance. They proffer decisive specific concessions which indicate for the first time a disposition in Germany and Austria to pay the price of peace. And the specific proposals imply the acceptance of principles which, if thoroughly carried out, would justify the Allies in insisting on still further concessions. For if Belgium is entitled to equitable damages, why not France whose land and people have been lacerated so terribly as the direct consequence of the violation of Belgium. Again, how much does autonomy for the Austrian Slavs mean? If it does not bring with it freedom from conscription and every opportunity for national cultural development, it will not serve. In the case of Turkey no settlement can be accepted which does not sweep away every vestige of Turkish imperialism and include the internationalization of Constantinople and the Straits. Finally, no League of Nations will endure which is not also a League of the Peoples. The new Chancellor has already admitted the need of responsible parliamentary government in Germany as a condition of future reconciliation. He must go further and consent to the ratification of treaties by the Reichstag and effective popular control over the foreign policy of the government and of the army.

The Germans have consented to so many demands which until recently they scouted that a combination of continued military pressure and discussion will in all possibility induce them to go as far as the Allied minimum terms require. For that very reason the time has come when the Allied cause will suffer from a refusal to continue the conversation. Back of the conflict of armies and profoundly affecting its success, there is proceeding a competition of morales. The imponderable moral factors have hitherto counted enormously against Germany, particularly since the entrance of America into the war and the attempt of President Wilson to democratize the Allied war aims. But if the Allies refuse all discussion on the proposed basis, assuming it implies no previous cessation of fighting, they will be sacrificing the benefit of these imponderables. The Germans will screw themselves to resist until the end, and their resistance will be prolonged and intensified by the knowledge that their enemies while they proclaim the principles which should determine a just settlement, refuse to discuss or act on their own principles. Both the President and Lloyd George have repeatedly and explicitly de-

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clared themselves ready to parley whenever the Central Powers submitted a reasonable offer. It can hardly be alleged that the present offer is wholly unreasonable. The proposed basis of discussion is exactly the one demanded by the President himself in his reply to Austria only three weeks ago. If the American government and those of its Allies return an unqualified rejection, they will find it difficult to explain their course to the British and French radicals who have been won to the resolute support of the war largely by their confidence in the President's declared determination to subordinate the use of military force to constructive political purposes. The Germans have advanced a long way toward the acceptance of the minimum political programme, as defined both by the President and the Inter-Allied Labor Conference. British, French, Belgian and Italian labor will certainly lose interest in a continuation of the war, in case the advances are not recognized and the German proposals meet with peremptory and unqualified rejection.

American public opinion should recognize how many and how formidable are the obstacles to a satisfactory peace, which the present attitude of the Central Powers has removed. Their proposals if carried out successfully in good faith would mean the death of all the predatory ambitions which we have learned to associate with pan-Germanism and Prussianism. They are an admission of defeat, because every territorial and political change which would result from the acceptance of the fourteen points, or from their specific application, so far as it is already defined by the Germans, would increase the future military strength of the present enemies of Germany and diminish that of herself and her allies. They are a confession of culpability, because of the voluntary proposal to indemnify Belgium. Finally, they involve the extinction of all those grandiose plans for a Central European bloc, extending into Asia Minor, which has been considered as Germany's most dangerous aim. Germany's grip on Bulgaria is gone. Her grip on Turkey is almost gone. Her grip on Poland and Rumania is relaxing. Her grip even on Austria-Hungary is gravely imperilled and can be wholly destroyed. The German army is beaten. The German government is humiliated by the abject failure of its pretentious and nefarious plans. The German nation is in danger of a moral and political isolation which would be equivalent to ultimate decay and extinction. That is the reason why she is yielding and that is why she should be encouraged to yield. The Allies have an opportunity of obtaining from their victory a Germany with which they can live or a Germany with which they cannot live. The way to get a Germany with which they can live is to strengthen the better element in Germany by treating it with more consideration than they do the worse element. The way to keep a Germany with whom they cannot live is to treat all Germans as alike deserving of distrust and punishment and leave them no guaranty of sufficient future consideration save by the rebuilding of Germany's army and her military alliances. The assurance of ultimate political victory depends upon the way in which the present proposals are answered. For nothing can be done to Germany as the result of still more complete military victory which will absolutely prevent her from coming back, and upon the treatment which she receives hereafter will depend whether she will come back as a disturber of the peace or as one of its guarantors.

The Rescue of Russia

LAST winter President Wilson in one of his several addresses to Congress on war issues characterized the attitude adopted towards Russia by the other civilized nations as the " acid test " of their democratic statesmanship. The characterization has lost none of its force. The condition of Russia now and in the near future is submitting to the statesmen of the world its most troublesome, its most momentous, its most deceptive and perilous specific political problem. Never before has a people so numerous and so highly endowed, which only a few years ago played a leading part in the councils of the civilized nations, been so quickly and so completely reduced to a condition of destitution, misery and impotence. For the present Russia possesses little power of resistance against domestic disintegration or foreign intrigue, violence and covetousness. What protection remains she derives from her size, from dissension among her enemies and from the fanaticism of a ruling sect, and all these causes will in the end prolong the period of recuperation and the agony of her people.

The New Republic has not concealed its opinion that hitherto the statesmanship both of Russia's former Allies and Russia's former enemies, has failed to meet Mr. Wilson's decisive test. As a consequence of the Russian Revolution the opportunity was offered to both sides of securing a healing peace at a smaller expense of bloodshed than has since been proved to be necessary, but neither of them tried to take advantage of the opportunity. Germany intrigued deliberately to corrupt revolution into anarchy and then used anarchy as the pretext for an act of international piracy, which confirmed the western democracies in their determina-

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tion to put an end to this kind of "statesmanship." Our European Allies considered themselves in such dire need of the military assistance of the Russian army that both before and after the Revolution they ignored the influence on Russian fighting power of the new moral attitude of the Russian people towards the war. They never paused to inquire what must be the effects on the Russian state of mind of the physical and political crisis which in the midst of a previous war made such a drastic revolution necessary and successful. Neither did they strengthen the Russian revolutionary democracy and consequently the moral cohesion of the new Russian republic by yielding to its demand for a franker and more democratic statement of war aims. It is the tragedy of the Russian revolution that, while it was precipitated by the war, military exigencies have from the start warped its normal development. The greatest political blessing which could have happened to the Russian people has been gradually transformed into an appalling calamity. The statesmanship of friend and foe has done much to aid and nothing to hinder the transformation.

Unfortunately the passions, the interests and the crises created by the war still interfere with the application of statesmanship to the terrible problem of Russia. If we are to credit the news which is now coming from that afflicted country, the final tragedy is rapidly overwhelming the Russian people. Assassination, proscription, vindictive class hatred, wanton violence and morbid fears, anarchy in its most destructive form, are infecting Russia. During the coming winter the anarchy will be intensified by a want of food, which will probably result in the death of many millions from starvation. Yet the prevailing attitude toward this spectacle of utter human distress is not one of sympathy, understanding and helpfulness, but one of moral reprobation. All the belligerent nations, to a greater or smaller extent, have contributed by their attitude before and during the war, before and after the Revolution, to the Russian agony. Now that the agony has come, instead of taking counsel of their own consciences, revising their attitude and doing what they can to remedy it, they are charging the whole responsibility upon the convenient Bolsheviki. It is a cheap and sterile method of escape. The Bolsheviki have contributed a considerable share to the disaster, but their share consists in bringing to a head a process of social dissolution which the history of the Russian nation, the state of mind of the several Russian factions and the policy towards Russia of the belligerent nations have all conspired to start and to continue in motion. The Russian agony is a dramatic case of the failure of human will and intelligence to exercise beneficial control over the fate of a great people. It is as fair and as sensible and as serviceable to sit in judgment on bleeding and starving Russia and charge this immeasurable calamity chiefly to the wicked Bolsheviki as it would be to sit in judgment on the Fall of Man and charge it to the maleficence of a personal devil.

No statesmanlike policy which will prevent Russia from plunging deeper into the abyss and help her recovery can derive from an attitude of moral indignation against the ruling faction in that country. The Bolshevik terror is at bottom an ugly eruption on the body of the Russian nation. It is the result of impurities which for generations have been infecting its blood and tissues. No doubt the infection has gathered into sores which can be eradicated only by a surgical operation. Bolshevism, in so far as it is embodied in a government resting on class terror and violence, may have to be exterminated by force. But the surgical operation will not do away with the infection. Nothing but peace, careful nursing and nourishing food will release the internal recuperative energies of the Russian nation, and enable it to recover. As the New Republic sees the Russian problem, it is for the Russian people and for them only to throw off Bolshevism in so far as it is a class government resting on violence. They will need assistance, but the best way to assist them in doing it has always been and still is to furnish nourishment to the racked and exhausted body of Russian nationalism. With better nourishment, furnished by friendly caretakers, who are not scolding the sick man for being sick or asking him to recover chiefly for their benefit, Russia would soon regain enough vital energy both to throw off Bolshevism and to resist German penetration.

The lack, since the Revolution, of any will to fight among the great majority of Russians is chargeable in part to the moral effects of the repression, the suffering and the indignities imposed upon them by Tsarism; but it is also chargeable to the sheer destruction, as a result of war and revolution, of the material fabric of bones, nerves and sinews which Russia must use to carry on a national war. It is impossible for Americans who are accustomed to place their hands on technical skill, equipment, plant and conveniences of all kinds, whenever they need them, to understand how complete the meagre plant and the equipment with which Russia started the war was destroyed by the incompetence and the waste of the Tsar's government. It was not only that the railroads, the factories, the mines, the vehicles, and the houses were worn out, but the peasants sacrificed their horses and cows and were unable in many cases to buy a horseshoe or a hoe. Russia as a nation could not carry on except as a

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result of much more economic assistance than she was getting, more perhaps than she could get except as the result of a general peace. At any rate this utter economic exhaustion precipitated the Revolution and was reflected in the pacifism which subsequently took possession of the revolutionary democracy. The Russian radicals were fully conscious of the extent of this exhaustion and of its probable consequences. A few weeks after the Revolution, the Soviet of Workers and Soldiers Delegates declared that "the exhaustion and disintegration of the national economy, which is progressing with every day of the war, will inevitably lead to economic catastrophes, to social and political anarchy, and to devastation by the enemy," unless the process was checked. Russia never obtained that assistance with which to check it, and the result predicted by the Soviet followed. Russia's former allies always said "Fight and we will help you" instead of saying "We will help you first in order that you may fight later."

Surely it is now time to reconsider the state of mind which since the Revolution has determined the Russian policy of the Allies. The critical military situation which underlay and partly excused the demand made by Russia's former Allies on the Russian revolutionary democracy to fight at any price, and which later resulted in such frantic and futile efforts to restore the Russian front in spite of Russian opposition, has passed. Germany, instead of being triumphant and aggressive, is fighting desperately to escape a disastrous defeat. Russian Bolshevism is more of a danger to a disintegrating Germany than German penetration is to Russian national independence. The eastern line is once more ablaze, but it is ablaze, fortunately, on that part of the front where there are Germans to fight rather than Russians. What a pity that the Czecho-Slovaks, the British and the Americans who are now isolated in Siberia are not pressing on with their comrades in arms to seize the Balkan passes! Unless all signs fail the Allies will defeat Germany in the east before they will defeat her in the west. Contact with Russia may before long be reestablished through the Black Sea. The military, economic and political force which they are capable of exerting in Russia will soon be greater than that of the Central Powers. The Allies will no longer be faced with a condition in Russia of German penetration which the ruling revolutionary faction is unable or unwilling to resist, but of German withdrawal before the irresistible march of Allied influence and power. Unless all signs fail, their victories on the eastern front will make them more than ever responsible for Russian reconstruction, for helping Russia to regain her self-possession and to become the bulwark in the east of the new democratic international order. How do they intend to go about it?

At present Allied policy in Russia is ambiguous. There are Allied armies operating on Russian soil, but our own government has expressly repudiated military intervention. The existing policy is susceptible of being developed either into a policy of thoroughgoing intervention, or it is capable of being transformed into a policy of economic assistance. If we accept the prevailing view and charge the Soviets with practically exclusive responsibility for the Russian agony and anarchy, the only effective method of restoration is to increase the army in Russia and to set up a new government resting on American, English and Japanese bayonets. On the other hand, if we consider Bolshevism as a symptom rather than as the chief cause of the Russian malady, we will not allow military intervention to go any further, and we will substitute for it a deliberate policy of economic penetration and assistance.

It is the second of these policies for which the New Republic pleads. Foreigners can best attack Russian anarchy not by taking sides for or against any one of the factions whose class animosities are fanning its flames, but by undertaking without delay or prejudice the work of economic restoration. Food, railroad and business administrations with Hoovers at their heads will form far more effective and safer instruments of Russian recovery than armies. What Russia needs is assistance in reconstructing the indispensable material foundation of coordinated life, and that can only be done by repairing past destruction and by arousing Russia's own productive and distributive activities. Such an economic commission could not antagonize the only agency of government now existing in Russia, that of the Soviets, but its success would not count for or against the future domination of any one faction, except in so far as the policy of the dominant faction promoted the moral unity of the Russian nation. No military intervention, however disinterested, no political programme, however healing and unifying in intention, can heal and unite in actual effect without a preliminary process of economic renewal and reinvigoration.

Such a policy would be born of a disinterested understanding of the physical and moral needs of the Russian people, of sympathy with them in their destitution and suffering and of confidence in their ability finally to put their own house in order. They are entitled to more consideration than they have yet received at the hands of their friends, and unless they get it Russia may be permanently alienated from the international league, whose successful creation will constitute the measure of Allied success in the war. The western democracies cannot

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afford to permit such an alienation to take place. Their own future security depends upon the success of a Republic in Russia which is able both to satisfy the needs and the aspirations of the Russian people and to meet its share of the common international responsibility. They will not obtain such a Republic by declaring a holy war against Bolshevism and by forcing the Russian democracy to copy western democratic methods and institutions. Bolshevism is the product of persecution and proscription and will flourish on a continuation of the diet. If the Russian democracy abandoned its loose and federal organization and adopted the French revolutionary dogma of national indivisibility, it might become a worse threat to the peace of the world than Germany now is. The Russian social democracy should be permitted to develop in its own way, helped by a maximum of intercourse with other countries and a minimum of interference from them. The adoption of such a policy is the best way of assuring the Russian people that the western democracies are their friends, of bringing into existence a Russia capable of meeting its responsibilies in a League of Nations and providing a counter-active force against any remnants of Prussianism which may survive in the east the settlement of the war.

Preliminary to Reconstruction

LATE in September the Republicans stole a march on the Administration. They came forward with the first official proposal for the careful consideration of the problems of domestic reconstruction. Senator Weeks introduced a resolution providing for the creation of a joint committee consisting of six members of each House divided equally between the two parties. Its business will be to investigate the industrial and economic conditions which will prevail as soon as the war is over and report to Congress on the needed legislation. The Democrats immediately realized the disadvantages from the point of view of the Administration of an exclusively Congressional inquiry and report. A week later Senator Overman came back with a bill, which provided for the appointment by the President of a bi-partisan commission of five members whose business it would also be to investigate domestic reconstruction and suggest legislation. The Overman bill has the support of the Administration and represents the President's views as to the way in which the problem of domestic reconstruction should be approached. But the Republicans have the advantage of the initiative, and the Washington dispatches predict a sharp fight between the Republican plan of a Congressional investigation and the Democratic plan of an investigation under executive direction.

The introduction of these two bills is a welcome indication of the revival under the stimulus of approaching victory of a keener interest in American domestic political and economic problems. Hitherto the Administration has discouraged any exhibition of such an interest, because it dreaded the clash of opinion which the discussion of post-war problems would arouse, but it has, we believe, assumed in this respect an unnecessarily timid attitude. If the President had asked Congress six months ago to authorize a reconstruction commission, whose duty it would be not so much to suggest legislation as to prepare and to digest the material on which legislation could be subsequently based, his request would have been non-contentious and could hardly have been refused. But he waited too long. His delay enabled Republicans to present their plan first and they will not willingly abandon it. They have raised between a Congressional and an executive inquiry an issue in relation to which they may secure Democratic assistance and succeed in frustrating the plan of the Administration. The President may find it difficult to recover his lost ground. He cannot consent to an exclusively Congressional investigation into a series of problems the nature of which is largely determined by the war policy of the Administration, and which raise so many questions which involve future administrative activities of the government. But he may not be able to prevent it. Congress resents the extent to which during the war it has been submerged by the executive. Not only the Republicans but many Democrats will consider preparations for peace the appropriate opportunity to vindicate Congressional independence of presidential control.

It looks, consequently, as if from the start the work of reconstruction would not go forward without involving sharp controversy. Possibly, even probably, such will be the case. The nation is deeply divided as to what reconstruction means, and how it is related to existing American national traditions. The slumbering hostility between the executive and legislative branches of the government is in itself a manifest and dangerous weakness in the operation of the Federal government and one which reconstruction cannot in the end ignore. But we trust none the less that the Administration and Congress will not allow their hostility one to another to develop into an irreconcilable difference of opinion as to the mechanism of this preliminary investigation. The work of reconstruction will assuredly involve a prolonged and embittered fight between radicals and conservatives, but for that very reason it would be a real misfortune to have

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the spirit of controversy invade an initial investigation which should in part be conducted in a scientific state of mind. A disagreement between Congress and the President would result in the appointment of two commissions rather than one, which would undertake separate investigations and present different reports. The authority of each of these reports would be diminished by its conflict with its competitor. The nation, in undertaking its deeply perplexing and extremely controversial task, would be embarrassed from the beginning by the want of any generally accepted basis of fact or any illuminating analysis and definition of the real nature of the problems.

Congress and the President have, consequently, the best of reasons for compromising their initial difference and agreeing upon a commission composed of representatives and senators as well as presidential appointees. Reconstruction is a job which will demand the cooperation of both branches of the government, and neither should try to appropriate the mechanism of the necessary preliminary inquiry. The commission itself should contain a sufficient number of members to represent both houses and both wings of both parties, and its non-Congressional members should be selected chiefly because of their ability to bring a social purpose and a scientific spirit to the consideration of national problems. It should, of course, be provided with a large staff of expert investigators and a generous appropriation. Hearings will be necessary, but not much can be accomplished by this old and lazy method. The most illuminating part of the work will consist of intensive investigation undertaken in the field by properly qualified men and women. In this work the administrative departments of the government are capable of giving assistance of enormous value and should be asked to cooperate. In the course of their war activities many offices, such for instance as those of the Surgeon General, the Labor Department and the Railroad, Fuel and Food Administrations, have accumulated and recorded material of unique significance for the legislator and the social scientist, which is still awaiting analysis and digestion. And not the least important part of the task of any reconstruction commission will be that of bringing out what there is of service in this material.

In any event the success of a reconstruction commission will depend upon the intelligent humility with which it conceives the nature of its task. Manifestly no commission even though its findings be a masterpiece of constructive social wisdom can expect to have its proposals actually and quickly embodied in legislation. Before public opinion can decide to what extent the traditions and institutions of the American democracy need modification in order to meet the challenge of contemporary national and international problems, the American people must pass through a period of debate, agitation and educative experiment. The next presidential election is almost certain to be fought over issues arising from some of the more immediately important phases of reconstruction, and it is wholly improbable that the decision reached in the first trial of strength will be anything but tentative. There is a long period of political and social ferment ahead of the American nation, culminating probably in a new constitutional convention. Nothing the reconstruction commission can do will prevent or delay its coming or mitigate its probable acidity. But the proposed commission can nevertheless by mixing discretion with wisdom both help enormously in reaching a solution of the immediately critical problems of demobilization, unemployment and the like, and provide an example of the way in which wise counsel and accumulated experience can be profitably applied to the solution of vexed industrial and political problems. It can state what the different problems essentially are, what the alternative solutions are, whether or not there is any foreign experience bearing on these solutions, and what the conditions are in this country which a successful plan of social reconstruction must satisfy. Its object should be, that is, to diminish the area of unnecessary controversy by building the largest possible foundation of accepted and pertinent facts, by indicating how these facts bear on the alternative legislative proposals and by seeking in its own specific recommendations to provide a temporary platform for those who are hoping to meet the threatened class conflict by placing scientific research at the disposal of a conscious social purpose.

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EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY FRANCIS HACKETT
PHILIP LITTELL ALVIN JOHNSON
WALTER E. WEYL
SIGNE TOKSVIG, Assistant Editor

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Economics of Land Settlement

TO settle the returned soldier on the land, is a policy whose general expediency everyone admits. But since there are no public lands immediately available for tillage, like the prairies of an earlier time, the problem is not one that can be solved simply by good resolutions and congressional enactments. If we are to plant soldier settlements we must either win the lands at great expense from the arid or swampy wastes, or we must secure them by extinguishing private rights having a commercial value roughly commensurate with the capitalization of their net productive power. In either case our settlement enterprise will be loaded down from the outset with fixed charges. Its economic value will consist in the surplus earnings above such charges. And it is an extremely pertinent question whether there is a fair prospect of an actual surplus. If there is not, we are not likely to go far with the project. For after the war our problem will be one of restoring our wealth, not of dissipating it in uneconomic enterprises.

In making this statement I know I am exposing myself to the fire of two battalions of redoutable snipers, the Bolsheviki and the Single Taxers. Where, cries the Bolshevik, is the difficulty about getting land, good land, for nothing? Confiscate the large estates and distribute the lands. Russia has done this; why should not we? But for my part I prefer to reserve judgment as to whether confiscation was a very paying venture even in Russia. Still stronger is my preference for reserving judgment on the point whether Russian conditions parallel American. The position of the feudal lord, only by a recent legal fiction assimilated to that of the occidental landowner, appears to me infinitely weaker than that of even the most shameless land grabber of the American continent. But I need not insist on the point. Anyone who has the least sense of the relative weight of the several political forces in American life knows very well that if the settlement on land of those who have deserved well from the state must await a decree of confiscation, the best thing to do with our project is to recommend it piously to posterity.

It is not so easy to duck the shots of the Single Taxer. Tax the land, he will cry, until there remain no profits in it but the benefits of use. The large estates will then fall to pieces of their own weight, and land will be available for colonization. This would be true, unless, to be sure, it turned out that the most economical holding, the holding most capable of paying taxes, is a larger holding than now usually obtains. In such event the single tax might make settlement lands more scarce than they are now. But this point I may imitate the Single Taxer in ignoring, being myself, like most of the Single Taxers, more familiar with abstract principles and opaque statistics than with the good brown or black or red or yellow earth. Let the Single Taxers, if they can, induce any single state to put their system into effect. Or, if that is impossible, let them secure an amendment to the Constitution requiring the federal government to tax rent out of existence. When they have compassed all this we shall still be where we were at the beginning, with settlement communities burdened from the start with fixed charges and offering to the settler nothing but a surplus above such charges. If we pry the original owners loose by single tax, a charge amounting to the net product of the land will nevertheless remain upon the new settler. If we acquire the land by purchase, the new settler will pay interest on the capital value of the net product. Between the two burdens there is not such room for choice. The surplus remaining will not be much larger in the one case than in the other. This is not saying that the general condition of society would not be profoundly affected by the choice of methods. But in this discussion I am aiming at a very limited objective, the economics of community settlement as such. Is there a fair prospect of a surplus above the present productivity of the land, which, added to the labor income that can now be had from farming, will offer substantial opportunity to men returning from war who desire to live on the land?

If there is to be such a surplus it must be derived from the economies of installation and operation of farm homes under the community system. We already have a considerable mass of experience from Australia and from the single experiment in California indicating that such economies are within reach. If half-developed lands are to be purchased, a much better bargain can be made by a public body having at its command experts in farm engineering, soil surveying, marketing, and the like, than by the individual farm seeker. The contrast between the scientific procedure of the California Land Settlement Board in its selection of land and the hit and miss method of the individual purchaser is very striking. Next, settlement undertaken community-wise under public auspices would enjoy much cheaper money, both for purchase and for improvements and working capital, than the isolated farmer can command. Much

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emphasis may also properly be laid on the advantages to be derived from the selection of an economical unit of investment and its proper distribution between land and improvements. In such agricultural studies as Professor Warren's Survey of Tompkins County, it has been demonstrated beyond question that the agricultural unit that can now be secured by an individual with modest savings of $1,500 to $2,500, enlarged by borrowing so far as safety permits, is too small to afford a labor income adequate to American requirements. Most small farming enterprises suffer also from disproportion in investments. There is too much land for the buildings or vice versa. Or the occupier has put all his money into land and buildings and has not enough for machinery or live stock. This is a condition that can be mended at a sufficient cost in time, but time is life and success and happiness.

A wise choice of the unit of exploitation is a condition of success in the long run. Of more immediate importance is full preparation for occupancy, something rarely achieved in individual settlement. Everyone is familiar with the conditions that had to be surmounted by the pioneers of an earlier generation, with land of excellent quality, but houses and barns, live stock and machinery to be acquired at an extreme cost in effort and in years. A western writer tells triumphantly the tale of a Norwegian woman who set out to improve a Dakota homestead with no other capital than a sack of flour, a side of bacon and a butcher knife. With the knife she dug enough ground to grow the corn and potatoes on which to subsist until the next harvest, and after the planting, cut sod to build a conical hut. She has broad fields and substantial buildings, fat cattle and a Ford car now when the gray hair hangs thin over her furrowed face. Excellent exhibit of private thrift and public waste! Had we no better use for such energy and tenacity? Such waste in only less marked degree has characterized our whole policy of individual settlement. We can no longer afford it. In our settlement communities the land must be cleared and ready for crops, the well must be sunk, alternative plans for buildings must be available for the settler's choice, before residence is even permitted. And all this work of preparation and building must be done on a large scale under competent engineers. That an enormous economy can be effected where land needs to be cleared is evident to anyone who has observed the contrast between the individual farmer rooting out a tree and an engineering gang clearing away the stumps of a whole forest. Even where nothing needs to be done except provide the land with appropriate buildings, Australian experience points to a saving of fifty per cent of cost over the individual undertaking. California experience is only less impressive.

Without pursuing this inquiry into further detail, we may rest assured that there are economies of installation sufficient to create a presumption of success for a settlement community even in a territory where it has to displace an original tenant population, reorganize fields and pastures, pull up hedges, dismantle or rearrange inconvenient buildings. The presumption of success gains force from an examination of the possible economies that can be maintained in operation. The individual settler derives his agricultural practice from tradition modified by his own experience, from the practice of his neighbors and from the application of suggestions from agricultural journals, pamphlets, lectures, etc. And, in the large, agricultural practice is steadily, if slowly, improving. A settlement community could afford a competent agricultural adviser. Such a community would consist of a select group, literate, energetic, willing and able to avail itself of technical advice. And with tenure in such a community conditional upon satisfactory performance, the force of personal emulation would operate far more powerfully than in the old-fashioned rural district, with the incorrigible traditionist or the shiftless slacker to offer a cheap standard of comparison.

Finally, in a community in which every farmer is bound to do his best, to take an interest in improvement, cooperation would find a fertile field. In such a community cooperative buying would bring highbred stock within reach of every member. Cooperative action would make available expensive machinery that must be dispensed with in the ordinary country district where three-fourths of the inhabitants won't cooperate. By cooperation the problems of marketing and purchasing could be handled efficiently, thus making possible a variety of production not economical under present conditions. These are only random suggestions as to the mode in which the cooperative spirit might reasonably be expected to manifest itself. No very lively imagination is required to open vistas of cooperation in which not individual settlers, but communities are the units: cooperation on a scale large enough to transform into profit the waste attending our present methods of distribution of products. Such cooperation is no new and untried thing. In European countries it has worked. It will work here.

It may be urged that once the first enthusiasm of community formation has become exhausted, the initiative of the members would be lamed, their interest in improvement dimmed, until the several communities sank back into the traditional rural condition as fields too long tilled sink back into

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brush or forest. But a community of independent farmers does not easily die; what kills a community is absenteeism and tenantry; engrossing of fields and landlessness; the infiltration of undesirable elements through land sales. Against such evils we have an adequate safeguard in appropriate tenures.

It goes without saying that candidates for farm holdings ought to serve a probationary period sufficiently long to exhibit their real qualities. Beyond this period tenure might be for life and might pass on to heirs, provided always that the holder of the land actually lives on it and cultivates it. This plan would preclude absenteeism and tenantry. It is in actual operation in certain Australian states. The holder of a farm might either pay for its capital value, as in Victoria, or pay a perpetual tax or rent, as in New South Wales. In the latter case, if he desired to leave the community, he would have an equitable right to reimbursement for his improvements from the community or from his successor on the land. In the former case he would have an equitable right to sell the land, but only to persons approved by the community. And, naturally, the community would not sanction the introduction of inassimilable alien elements, ne'er-do-wells or land engrossers.

Against the plan of unlimited tenure the objection may be raised that it removes what has been in the past a chief incentive to settlement, the profit from rising prices of land. This incentive is bound to disappear, in any event. Land cannot go on rising forever, especially since the kind of agriculture that depends on a speculative increment to make it worth while is in most instances soil robbing.

It is economically possible to establish farm communities whose members will enjoy far better opportunities than are now open to men with small capital, and without taint of charity or confiscation. It is possible, through properly constituted tenures and intelligent organization, to endow such communities with a high degree of viability. All this is possible, but it is not easy. It can become a reality only when the American people come to understand that the settlement of soldiers requires, besides goodwill and a generous public purse, an infinite amount of expert work, involving the mobilization of a great variety of talents, legal, engineering, agronomic, financial. We shall probably find the talents when we make up our minds we want them. And, if we are not capable of making the effort of national will essential to set the mobilization process in motion, let us not count ourselves among the foresighted nations who are planning to build a sounder and more fruitful economic system upon the foundations remaining unshaken by war.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

F. H.

YEARS ago, particularly at the first few times of hearing it, I mistook for profundity the remark that man is seldom both a good writer and a good talker. That was before I had discovered the infrequency of the man who is either. Francis Hackett is both. All readers of his Horizons, including the dimmest-eyed, can see well enough to see that he writes brilliantly. Anybody who has worked in the same office with him, say for a month or a day, knows that brilliant talk is as easy and natural to Hackett as dullness to most of us. In the four years of our friendship I have not heard him repeat himself.

When we call a book brilliant we have not said much about it, and not much more when we have added that brilliancy is always an expression of energy. We have still to name the special gifts by which this energy finds vent. One of Hackett's special gifts is his turn for quick characterizing epithets, for snapshots taken on the run, as when he parenthetically defines Arnold Bennett's exposition as "at once patient and playful," or notes, while reading The American Scene, Henry James's "mild but remorseless discriminations." He is epigrammatic after the same fashion, casually, quite by the way. "To be merely sane is to be merely in tune with the finite," he writes here, and there he hits off "those who have sunk their moral principle in the prosy annuity of a code." The figures of speech which abound in his prose, which give it color and richness, have wit or beauty or both. "Perhaps his interest in his emotions," he says again of Henry James observing America, "is sometimes monstrously greater than the emotions themselves. Perhaps he weighs his little feelings too precisely, putting his coal as well as his gold in the apothecary's scales." "Where many ideas are candidates for expression"—Hackett is accounting for George Meredith's style—"there will sometimes be an uproar which no chairman can dominate." Sometimes the figure of speech has a poet's tenderness, as when he says of Natacha, in War and Peace: "It is the triumph of Tolstoi's art that she is carried from saucy childhood to maternal amplitude, and successfully identified in every process of that change. *No torrent that ever ran from high hills to a smooth union with the sea* was more perfectly defined in its movements." Italics mine. I wish the rest were.

But whether they have beauty or wit, Hackett's figures of speech are not ornamental surplusage. They have their function, which is to give us, with an exactness he seeks and with an unsought vividness, the truth of his impression. This form of truth is always his aim, even when he is fanciful:

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"If you believe in heaven, in the peculiar kind of child's heaven that is Barrie's, you find it easy to lend yourself to him, to his general wistfulness and shy sensibility and hazel-twig gift for nostalgia." Hackett's aim is always this form of truth, alike when he is gay, when he is malicious, when he is most eager to make converts, when he has most color. Have you read better brief praise of Elizabethan English than this, from an article on Synge, written when most of us had still to learn Synge's name? "We are accustomed to unmeasured praise of the Elizabethans. Well, here in our time is a man who writes English as fresh, as unruly, as gorgeously rhetorical, as fiercely dramatic, as the miraculous English of the renaissance."

Truth to his own impressions is Hackett's point of honor as a critic of books and plays, and truth to the impressions life makes on them is the virtue he prizes most in playwrights and novelists. To realize what you feel in the presence of any of the great common experiences, birth, marriage, death; sharply to separate the feeling that is wholly yours from the feelings that routine and convention have wished on you—this, he believes, is the first duty of every representer of human beings and destinies. It is a duty which cannot be done without love and without hatred, a love of things-as-they-are, "a hatred of heroics, a hatred of facile emotion, a hatred of insincerity in any form." And sincerity is a difficult achievement, requiring much more than the will to see straight and speak straight, much more than freedom from the bondage of false or true shame. "Truth," Graham Wallas tells us he once heard Shaw say, "comes, not from an avoidance of the vulgar vice of lying, but from the agony and sweat in which the professional critic has to approach his work." It is not in agony and sweat, but with a drive at sincerity as resolute as that which may cause them, that Hackett would have the critic approach his work, the novelist his, the human being his work of living.

Hackett's is not the sceptic's emphasis upon our inability to know the external world except in our sensations and emotions. What he insists upon is the difficulty and the necessity and the joy of realizing these. Hence his passionate love of those "epoch-making disappointments," as he calls them, which reveal the world to us and "ourselves to ourselves." To one who lives on terms of sincerity with himself life is a series of surprises, always breaking the moulds in which, no matter how hard we try to be receptive and not to preconceive, we are always forecasting it. Unless we can look back upon and at experience, and can see it as a breaker of moulds, we have not reaped the richest moral harvest that grows on our fields. Without this faculty neither hard-won happiness is possible, nor great art. "What a man has to tell is significant," Hackett says of Tolstoi. "How well he tells it, is also significant. More significant than either, is the spirit with which he is endowed. By what sensitive and mysterious process this spirit of the creator steals into a narrative, gives it its livingness, no one has yet defined. But it is this subtle presence, this communication through narrative of a being that has conceived the world afresh, which makes the novel an artistic form." A world about which we are determined to know the best and the worst was often, for the early realists, a world about which only the worst was worth printing. Such is not Francis Hackett's spirit. To be sincere is not, in his case, to see the world as unbearable or drab. There is a valor of knowledge as well as of ignorance, and this valor can be gay. Hackett admires Synge's personal invincibility. He admires Meredith as "one of the few great spirits, a spirit in whose light the petty dwindles and the shameful shrinks away, one whose art was but the faulty medium of a soul that itself had triumphed in exceeding trial, and come out a sharp comedian, one who strenuously accepted his burden, knowing it would always be as light as the heart that bore it."

Nobody who knows Francis Hackett can miss the deep sincerity of such admirations. And he has a right to admire. The gaiety he brings to the business of knowing the worst is not greater than the gaiety with which he discovers that the worst can be borne. Nobody I know yields so little to the temptation to find his own toothache more important than other men's. All he requires of his own world is sincerity and sensitiveness. He likes his world sympathetic, he leans forward as he talks, he seems to ask assent to what he is saying, to hope for pleasure in his pleasure, and at the moment this really is his state of mind. Look at him after dinner, when the company has broken into groups of two or three. No one is more attentive to what you are saying to him, yet all the time he has an eye upon any comedy that may be playing elsewhere, now and then he answers something said in another group, he does this while continuing to give you all the attention you desire, his parenthesis was not an interruption, he has poked a hole in some pretence, laid a light finger on some sore spot, and is back again with you in your corner.

He interrupts only when he overhears an opponent who deserves more than a parenthetic attack, who rouses his combative instinct, who needs to be turned inside out for the benefit of truth. Then you perceive that he likes his world when it is hostile almost as well as when it is sympathetic. Sometimes, not often, I have thought truth was the only gainer by these onsets, yet afterwards I have wondered why Francis Hackett, who has a quicker

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sense of the comic than almost any one I know, and a most destructive aptitude for making the comic apparent, should so seldom use in talk against serious opponents his great gift for making them ridiculous. The explanation is the one you have already guessed. His sense of men's absurdities does not blind him to whatever else they may contain. P. L.

For the Upkeep of a Statue

WHEN I was asked by an official of the American Treasury to write something that might aid or abet the Fourth Liberty Loan it seemed to me at first that for me to advise Americans what to do with their money would be somewhat too presumptuous, and that I should have to refuse the polite request. And then it occurred to me that all we Allies who fight for this great cause are all the children of Liberty and may therefore regard ourselves as of one family and not as aliens and strangers. And after all it is only a little thing that I ask Americans to do; it is only to give their money; it is but a little more to ask when so many of their race have already given their blood.

The money is needed for the upkeep of the statue of Liberty. It is no use having a statue of Liberty outside your harbor if there is not enough money to prevent somebody taking it down one day, and putting up a statue of Wilhelm II instead, with two spiky mustaches sticking up where the rays of her halo shone. For it would have to come down—that statue of Liberty—if we don't win this war, you and us and France and the rest of the free nations. It would have to come down because it would be so out of date, so old-fashioned and obsolete, not the kind of thing people talk about nowadays, like a muzzle-loading gun or a motor of 1904, all very well in its way once on a time but never seen anywhere now. Children would point at it if you left it standing after we lost this war, and say, "What is that funny thing with a torch in its hand?" And mothers would answer, "It is a thing our people built when they didn't know any better, before our good War-Lord taught us. . . ." You think they wouldn't talk like that. Oh yes they would, with German spies hanging about. Especially mothers with small children to think of. They wouldn't risk any other kind of talk in those days. And the child would say, "What did they call it?" and would be told, "They called it Liberty." And the little American child would say, "What was that?"

The Fourth Liberty Loan is for the upkeep of that statue and all that it represents; they are having loans in Germany for the upkeep of the Kaiser.

If Liberty is beaten in France, she is beaten and there is an end of it. It does not matter where the fight is. If the Kaiser is beaten you are free for a while, till they find another tyrant. When he comes your sons or your grandsons will have to remember you and try to do as you did. Probably tyrants will lie low for a few centuries after this. Being a tyrant doesn't seem to pay. They will probably leave the free nations alone for a few centuries to see if they degenerate, and then try again; that is, if all goes well with Liberty. If it goes ill with Liberty, then being a tyrant does pay; it is just the profession for an idle young man to take up. Liberty is not out of the Black Forest yet, so let us not prophesy. We cannot see the future, we cannot even guide it, yet the 5 per cent share that we have in the control of it we can cultivate or neglect, though the transactions of Destiny's 95 per cent are guarded from us utterly.

The Loan now being sold represents the amassing of America's share in the guidance of the future; it cannot be valued as equal to the life of one American soldier, yet it may cause that thousands of fallen Americans shall not have died in vain; it is but a small share in the future, being human, yet Destiny perhaps leans toward the worthiest side and lends her mighty weight to those that have sacrificed most: all we can do is to deserve it. DUNSANY.

The Battle of the Allies

ON July 15th the Kaiser lost the battle of 1918. On July 18th the Battle of the Allies began. It is in full swing now. Though it would be premature to surmise its conclusion, it is permissible at present to note the results attained by the end of September. This date marks a new situation capable of important developments.

When Marshal Foch was made Commander in Chief of the Allied armies these had an inferiority of forty divisions as against the German army. Under such circumstances the strategy of Foch could only be defensive, but it soon became offensive, both in principle and in temperament, as soon as he had obtained the means of action. It can almost be stated that he took the strategical and tactical offensive before having all the necessary means, since the equilibrium of forces was not established before July 18th. But for a chief such as Foch there is something besides quantity which makes for superiority of means although numbers are the essential factor. These are the choice of the direction of attack, of the precise moment, the

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surprise, strategic or tactical, or both combined, the exact appreciation of the material and moral value of the adversary; all that which Napoleon called the divine part of the art of commanding.

It is in the realization of these conditions that he launched the counter-offensive of July 18th, the starting point of the Battle of the Allies.

In two months of uninterrupted offensives, closely bound together and executed without a break, Marshal Foch has completely turned the critical situation of the beginning of 1918 to the profit of the Allies.

After reestablishing and maintaining the closest liaison between the British and French armies, releasing Amiens, Paris, the naval bases and the railways which run parallel to our front, the Allies have speedily and successively taken from the enemy the advantages they had gained in four months of offensive. The Germans were first thrown back beyond the 1917 front, but, as will be shown later, under circumstances very different from those in which they were when they started their advance last spring. For, in the midst of the German offensives, the Allies, thanks to the arrival of the American troops on the one hand, and to the German exhaustion on the other, definitely obtained a numerical superiority.

Then they penetrated the famous Hindenburg position, went beyond it on several points and overflowed it on others.

According to his custom Foch made the weak points of the enemy the basis of his future combinations. The strongest positions thus fell after being enveloped.

While the front was growing shorter and the effective of the Allied armies was constantly being increased by an American army, daily better trained and more numerous, Marshal Foch secured new resources. He spread and varied his attacking fronts. He smashed the fortified cuirass of the enemy and forced him into more and more important retreats. However, up to this day, the enemy has only given up his positions under constraint and pressure. It remains to be seen under what conditions the Allies would permit him to retire voluntarily should he try to do so.

From the German side we have in two months witnessed the collapse of the most stupendous plan ever conceived.

I pointed out in this journal some two months ago the series of steps taken by the German Staff to overcome the first crisis of effectives which had followed on these offensives of March, April and May, indicating that they were reaching their limit in man power, and that in the near future these expedients would no longer suffice. Events have proved this. The exhaustion of the enemy has outstripped all the previsions of the German Staff: over 300,000 prisoners, 3,000 guns, such losses that the depots could no longer supply the front.

The Germans were forced to reduce the number of their units, which is an admission of impotence. This reduction comprised two steps:

1st—Losses due to the offensives of March and April obliged the German Staff to disband some forty regiments to reconstruct the most tired divisions, especially those of eastern Prussia. The total number of German regiments was thus reduced from 764 to 725.

2nd—The unfortunate offensives of June and July forced the disbanding of:

—Prussian and Bavarian divisions to reconstruct other Prussian and Bavarian divisions which had especially suffered.

—Assaulting battalions and finally the 4th companies of quite a number of battalions, a measure which is growing more and more extensive.

At the beginning of September we knew that nine divisions were already eliminated, reducing the total of German divisions on the western and eastern fronts from 242 to 233. But other divisions have been disbanded since that time.

Finally, as the war still went on, and as it was necessary to supply the depots in order that in their turn they might supply the front, the German Staff reduced the effective of its battalions. Thus in July they reduced the fighting strength of their armies by 200,000 men and placed these men in the depots. The condition of these was thereby improved, but at the expense of the front.

Such material wear could not but entail a corresponding moral wear. Discipline suffered; Hindenburg and Ludendorff made appeals to the people preaching resistance after having preached conquest.

The enemy endeavored to maintain themselves in the Hindenburg position while feverishly working along the rear lines. They stopped up breaches as best they could, surrendered important regions which they could no longer hold either through the menace of direct attack or more often through the fear of being encircled. The first line of defenses which doubled the Hindenburg position was hit in the Cambrai region.

Under the double effect of the Allied offensives and the reduction of their fighting strength, the German army will be forced to retreat again within the very near future. In any case it is henceforth reduced to a strategical defensive with all the inconveniences and troubles it entails: material wear, lowering of the morale of the army, nervous exhaustion of the whole nation.

Let us place these wonderful results alongside of

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the great victories in the east, in Serbia and Palestine and the value of both will easily be seen.

The offensives of the Allied armies in Serbia and in Palestine were not thoughtlessly launched. Carefully prepared and held in readiness, they were launched at the precise moment when Germany, cornered on the main front, threatened and alarmed on the eastern front, obliged to find men by every possible means, could no longer support her Bulgarian and Turkish allies.

In this way and at the same time were justified the policy of maintaining the army at Saloniki and the unvarying point of view that in the last phase of the war very important results could be obtained in the east. These results open up new perspectives by creating new situations susceptible of being exploited by the Allies for the overthrow of the edifice of Imperial Germany. They will greatly contribute to the obtaining of the decision of the war on the western front, though they were only possible owing to the successes of the Allies on this front. Under no circumstances can or should they decrease the intensity of the battle in the west.

However serious the material and moral wear of Germany may be, however numerous and extended the reverses of her army, the German army still presents a resisting force which it would be dangerous to underestimate. At the very moment when the uninterrupted successes clearly justify the unity of command, which the United States has so powerfully helped to establish, and show the full value of the Allied cooperation so thoroughly obtained by the governments, each one of us must recall the old, the only principle of war which cannot be violated with impunity: "To impose one's will upon the enemy, one must first of all defeat his principal organized force"—in our case the German army.

It is because the Germans overlooked this principle that their army has several times been beaten—in 1914 when their Command swelling with pride thought that a retreating army must be a defeated army and made its plans to pursue instead of to fight; in 1918 when on July 15th this same Command presumed "a priori" that the Allied reserves were exhausted or held in defensive positions to protect Paris.

Thus any plan which is fundamentally based on an error of principle is doomed to failure. No political or military occurrence is an exception.

The only policy to hold is therefore that of which our chiefs and our men are giving us such a beautiful example: persistence in the maximum of effort on the main front. The German army is beaten; it is not yet defeated. In order to win the war it must be defeated.

E. RÉQUIN.

The Hostile Hills

You saw them too that day,
Standing so virtuously against the sky;
When not a cloudy flicker would betray
How sinister and sly
Were they that held themselves so high.
Perfect and passionless, they seemed to stare
Into the heavens where
The broken columns of the clouds went by
In hushed defeat;
Or watched the wind singing his tuneless air;
Or dropped beneficent barriers when the heat,
An ocean without waves or tides,
Swept up upon them from the tarnished wheat
And broke against their hard, cool sides.
All day they could be seen,
Inscrutable, serene,
Like silence smiling among thunder-claps;
Sitting so stiffly in their coats of green,
Holding the sunlight in their stony laps.

But in the evening, when the light
Seemed tricky and the keen
Colors were washed with dusk; when every bright
Edge of the fields and rock and glimmering height
Were blurred with night,
I heard them creep
A length, a footstep nearer to the town,
The clustered homes they hoped to catch asleep.
Up from their ferny couch
And watery bed
I saw them rise and crouch;
Their mountainous tread
Fell on the earth as light as thistledown.
What old and iron malice there could be
In this advance I could not hope to see.
I only know that there was enmity
And pent-up wrongs behind it; hate
So merciless and great
That they could sit there imperturbably
Through crumbling centuries and wait
For their great night of triumph. Slow,
So slow they came, with steps so still and small
They never seemed to move at all.
Yet every time my back was turned, I know
Their line was somehow shifted, and the scorn
Surged from their very trees
That pointed crooked fingers at us. A forlorn
Whisper ran through an earth-cold breeze,
An apprehensive shudder, like a kind
Of warning that it knew no one would mind. . .
And so I tossed in sleep
And dreamed about the eventual day
When these proud monsters would refuse to creep,
But rush to the assault and leap
Over the battlements of clay,
Till, with a smoking frenzy, they would rain
Rivers and rocks and trample on their prey—
Until the cities they went forth to slay
Were grassy hillsides growing above the slain. . .

Each night I saw the menace of those hills grow plain
Until I could not doubt what they would do.
Others may hold this wild, absurd, untrue—
But you, you saw it too.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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When the War Ends

WHAT if the war should end tomorrow? For it must end on some tomorrow. Some morning at breakfast we shall read that an armistice has been arranged. In spite of the discussion that will have gone before, peace will come to us suddenly. Suddenly, instead of the ways and activities of war, we shall have to think again of the ways and activities of normal times. Over night such essentials as cantonments for soldiers and barracks for war workers will have become non-essentials, and such non-essentials as housing for civilians will again have become essentials. That change is coming; sooner or later it will be here. Are we prepared?

We have been in the war so short a time that many public leaders, Mr. Gompers, for example, fear that to give any consideration to the problems arising thereafter would be to divert the American people from the immediate business, the prosecution of the war. Other nations, however, have not found this the case. A number of the warring countries have Reconstruction Commissions, some of which have already issued preliminary reports. Such a commission is entirely different from a Peace Terms Commission, such as we ourselves have in this country. The sphere of the latter is international, being mainly concerned with the geographical, racial and economic interdependence of nations. But a Reconstruction Commission is essentially national in scope, its chief concern being with the assimilation of the maladjustments of the transition period following the war and of the radical practices created by the war situation. Such questions it has been our past custom to leave to the haphazard of politics and party platforms. Shall this custom again hold?

What are some of the problems that seventeen months of war have already brought us, problems apparent to all who have given the matter any thought? They are of three kinds—industrial, political, financial.

Of the former the most obvious is that of unemployment. How shall we remedy the present dislocation of our workers? In our army and navy there are today three million, with the prospect of six million by next June. These men, the fit of our manhood, have been drawn alike from professions, factories, farms. Will they find positions enough for them when they come back? Except in those few instances where employers volunteered to keep open the positions of those who left to fight, the demobilized soldiers will find their work being done by others, older men, those who had been physically disqualified for service, and women; or they may find that the position itself has been done away with. Few soldiers will have saved from their army pay towards that time of no-work, no-fight. In addition to this army of jobless men there will be fully eight million men and women whose work the day of armistice will render, so we hope, obsolete. These are the industrial soldiers, employed in new war plants and in industries that have been turned over to war needs. The markets for the products of the former will have disappeared; it will take time to re-establish the old markets of the latter. What is to become of these workers and their families? Moreover, what of the increase of women workers? Many occupations have become "woman's work." The history of industry contains few precedents for the thought that women will relinquish such occupations once they have stepped in. Thus we are confronted by an unemployment problem of triple magnitude because of the returning soldier, the jobless war worker and the new woman worker.

The second large problem of internal industrial reconstruction is that of the control of industry. In one short year the government has become manager of railroads, steamship lines, express companies and telegraph lines. It owns some shipyards and ammunition plants; it holds mortgages on others. It has said Yea and Nay to private business, in price-fixing, in wage disputes. The modifications that war has made in our industry present, in fact, not so much one problem as myriad smaller ones. A cursory survey of the field brings forth a host of questions such as these:

For thirty years legislators, the railway commissioners of the various states and the Interstate Commerce Commission have tried to fix rates in the interest of the shipper and consumer, yet giving consideration to the rights of the investor by a "fair return on replacement value." Under government control, however, higher rates have been fixed without any attempt at scientific determination. A return on investment has been guaranteed. If the railroads are to be returned to private management, will these higher rates be carried over? Will the original owners get the benefit of money saved through the elimination of competition under government management? Will the money revert to the government, to the shippers? On the other hand, is a reversion to pre-war conditions desirable? Were the present centralization to be continued, should the government confiscate, buy, lease, or merely manage the properties? If the owners are to be compensated, on what basis shall the compensation be fixed?

Similar questions to these suggested by war supervision of the railroads are presented by the express, the telephone and the telegraph companies.

At the end of the war the United States will have the largest merchant marine in the world. Shall these ships be sold or shall they be retained? Shall they continue to be governmentally owned and operated, shall they be governmentally owned and privately operated, shall they be privately owned and privately operated? What use is to be made of them? Are they to compete for the markets of the world? How are markets to be developed for such merchandise as these ships can carry? For whose benefit shall they be run—for the people through the government? for the shippers? for the buyers?

Although the Alien Property Custodian is rapidly disposing of the property of alien enemies in this country, much will undoubtedly be in his hands at the end of the war. Shall the sale of German property to Americans continue? What property and what kinds of property should be returned to their former owners? What shall be the procedure in cases where the German government is known to be a stockholder of the parent company?

The government has financed or itself constructed a large number of plants in these months of war. A few, such as the one for abstracting nitrogen from the air, will, one takes it, continue to operate during peace times; the greater number, however, manufacturing materials exclusively for war purposes, are in highly competitive fields. Is the government to continue to compete with private business? Is the government to take over the exclusive management of war industries? Is the German method of subsidies and loans to industries to continue?

In the financial field the government has not only be-

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come a competitor with private industry for funds, it has assumed an hitherto unheard of control. "Blue sky laws" and the approval of security issues by public service commissions were formerly considered extremely radical measures. Now every issue of securities must first receive government sanction. Is this limitation of the field of private initiative to continue? Will the government, as the largest borrower, continue to borrow and to limit the borrowing of other agencies?

Insurance, too, has been affected by the war. The government has sold over two million policies of life insurance for twenty-two millions of dollars. Provision is made that these policies may be continued after the war. Shall this insurance be carried by the government, by a government company, or shall it be transferred to the private companies already in existence? What provision shall be made for setting up a reserve, if level premiums are to exist? How shall the reserve be invested? The government has gone not only into life insurance, but also into liability and marine insurance. It is carrying the fire risk on a large number of its buildings. Shall this competition with private enterprise continue? If not, what shall be the procedure in transferring it to private corporations?

Although price-fixing has not been general since our entry into the war, nevertheless it has appeared in some fields. This is a control different from anything we have known in the past. The selling price of many metals has been fixed. Finished steel products may be billed only at set prices; coal may be sold at the mine and to consumer at prices determined in advance, not by the operator nor by the consumer nor by these jointly, but by the government. The farmer's selling price for wheat, the retailer's price for sugar have been established for them. Some limitation on rents in the vicinity of war industries has occurred. Shall the government continue to maintain its grip on the producer for the benefit of the consumer? If wages drop after the war—as they may—will the government still fix prices? If these restrictions are removed, how will the relations of producer and consumer adjust themselves?

Not only the consumer but the worker has been receiving special consideration since the war began. Wages have been fixed by special government commissions on the basis of a standard of living, even in industries not solely occupied with war work. In many instances the wage set has been considerably higher than that of other industries in the same locality, or that of large parts of the community previous to this time. Will the attempt be made to continue these wages by governmental regulation during a period of falling prices? If so, how will it be possible to meet the efforts of employers to force down wages, combined with the excess of workers created by the ending of the war?

These are but a few of the industrial problems that will come with peace. They are suggestive of the size and variety of the problems brought about by the war's changes in industry. Other sweeping changes, though not so spectacular, have occurred in the political field. Here again the same questions arise: Shall we go back? Shall we go on as we have been during the war? If we are to go back to pre-war conditions, how may it be done?

We have sacrificed a former American fetish, the rights of the individual, to the war emergency. In a single year we have compulsory military service, "work or fight" regulations, compulsory labor laws. This is far removed from ante-bellum days when a citizen might regard his duty as done if he paid his taxes and served on a jury. If he is of draft age, he may now no longer engage in certain occupations, occupations that may be quite legitimate in war-times and encouraged in times of peace. If he lives in certain states he may no longer exercise the prerogative to work or not to work as the fancy suits him. With the end of hostilities shall we return to our former conception of citizenship? Or shall we foster the conception of a larger personal responsibility—with the restrictions of individual preference, the paternalism that it entails?

Laws have been made, during this war year, which limit the right of freedom of speech and of assemblage. Legislation of a new type has appeared upon our statute books, and for the first time—almost the first time, in quantity, at any rate—individuals charged or convicted of political offenses have appeared in our courts and prisons. A censorship has been established and an official censor named in the law, giving the Postmaster General wide control over mailable matter.

The powers of the national and the state executives have been greatly increased by the war. The Overman act has given the President a new power over administrative functions. He has also been granted a special appropriation—a hundred millions last year and fifty millions this year—to carry on special work, such as he may consider advisable. No specific appropriation has been made for this sum by Congress; no account of its expenditure need be made, in detail, to the public. It is this sum which has enabled the President to use special emissaries and to establish secret committees which report directly to him.

These are changes decreed by legislation. More important, perhaps, are the informal changes that are the natural outgrowth of war activity. The increased power and leadership of the Executive have been commented upon. The President has of his own volition created a board of conciliation and arbitration, has entered the field of state politics and advised state officials on subjects supposed to be purely state matters.

The powers of state executives have also grown with the war. In a number of states executives have been given blanket authority and lump-sum appropriations to meet emergencies that may arise while the legislature is not in session.

Should legislation granting such extraordinary powers to executives be repealed when the emergency is past? Shall we return to our former plan of national and state government? Shall the legislative branch of national and state government again assume its place?

Not only have legislative powers been subordinated or transferred to the executives, but increasing power has come to the larger governmental unit at the expense of the state. Especially has this been the case with revenue. Wide issues of governmental non-taxable securities have diverted billions of dollars from the taxable property of the states. The development of high national income and inheritance taxes have made the passage of state income tax laws more difficult. The taking over of public utilities by the government has limited another source of revenue. The floating of local bond issues has become a serious problem. What forms, then, shall state and local taxation take? How are improvements to be financed?

State powers and state officers have been restricted by national ones. The regulation of food and other commodities has been at the expense of the individual state. Local authorities have had to respect the power granted the Secretary of War to regulate prostitution and the sale of liquor. Local police officers have been compelled to subordinate their forces to those of the army. The National Guard, instead of being a separate body of state troops available for national service, has become an integral part

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of the army. These are all changes brought about by war. To bring back former conditions or to utilize the new to good advantage means careful consideration and study.

The most fundamental of the internal problems created by the war, however, is the financial one. The government has contracted debts to an amount previously unheard of. The total appropriations and contract authorizations of the war come to more than twenty and one-third billions of dollars. Shall these obligations be paid? If so, what arrangement is to be made to meet them? To date no provision has been made for a sinking fund; and yet our first bond issue—the War Savings Stamp issue of two billions—falls due in four years. It is true that of the twenty-one billions of dollars one-third has been loaned to our Allies. What provision shall we make for securing payment? Do we wish to exact prompt payment? Still there remains fourteen billions which we ourselves have spent on the war. The government, ignoring sinking fund charges, is spending at the rate of fifty millions a day, whereas in 1916 it spent three per cent of this amount. The interest charges on the amount of our own war expenditure is well over a billion dollars annually—a sum equal to the total expenditure of the government for all activities in pre-war years. An adequate sinking fund to pay off these bonds at maturity will require half a billion dollars more each year.

A large part of the revenue that is being raised to meet these expenditures is being drawn from income and excess profits taxes. Will this source of income be available after the war? To what extent will excess profits disappear and incomes diminish? Even with the present rate of taxation will $3,672,000,000, or any sum comparable to it, be available? If not, how can the normal expenses of government, interest and sinking fund be most easily met? How shall taxes be adjusted; on whom shall the chief burden fall?

The solution of such varied and intricate problems as these should manifestly not be left for hasty post-bellum decision. They are technical to a high degree. Hasty readjustment on that morrow when the war will end can develop internal difficulties, can even jeopardize our international position. Some of these national problems are now being considered by individuals, by private organizations, by various government departments. The time is ripe to coordinate these scattered efforts, to intensify them. This can be best done through a government commission. Such a body, wisely manned, with adequate resources at its disposal, would gather the material on which reasoned action could be based. Material in hand, conclusions made, if the war should end tomorrow we should be found prepared to set about the business at hand, the prosecution of peace.

ALEXANDER FLEISHER.

Russian Impressions

I

The following article is a significant fragment from Mr. Ernest Poole's book, The Village, soon to be published by the Macmillan Co. Two more articles from The Village will appear in the New Republic.

IN Petrograd, during the summer of 1917, amid the confusion and wrangles between the various factions there, as Russians of all parties were facing the working out of the great ideals of liberty born at the start of the revolution, I found many who looked back with longing to those early weeks when all factions had seemed to be united for the moment by one deep impassioned purpose, to bring forth a new free nation. The most vivid connected story of life in Petrograd at that time I heard from my friend and interpreter, Juvenale Ivanovitch Tarasov, a man belonging to no faction and who therefore looked without bias on the events of those stirring days.

"First," he said, "I must tell you a little about my part in the war. For it throws some light upon the rest.

"When the war broke out, to do my share and use my skill as a chemist, I obtained work with a company which was planning munition mills in the South. Mine was laboratory work, a search for high explosives; and in the third year of the war, we were on the verge of discovering something that might have become a new force. Our little group of chemists grew terribly interested. We worked all day and often all night—and ours was hard, clean thinking. We did not often feel fatigue, for by accurate computation we knew that if the damned stuff exploded too soon, we would be blown into molecules in exactly one fifty-seven-hundredth of a second. And that acted, you might say, on the brain like a glass of cognac—though at the time I was on a diet of vegetables, bread and water.

"At last we had what we wanted. I remember very vividly still how happy we were; I remember one night when we talked till the morning of how this terrific child of our brains would help our armies at the front.

"But for me this time was followed by a drop to deep disgust. For I was sent to Petrograd to tell of our discovery to the Government Board of Explosives there. And what a gang, a pirate crew; how different from the little group of chemists I had left behind! Here was a swarm of profiteers, mostly Jews, who neither thought of winning the war nor of discovering anything. In their shrewd eyes you could see how they schemed to cheat both us and the government. I broke through these gray wolves at last and got in to the Artillery Board—and when they realized what we had found, it was tragic to see those expert men. They were so eager to try it out, but at the same time almost without hope. 'If only our government,' they said, 'could rid itself of these war millionaires!'

"Almost immediately after that began the revolution. I shall never forget the day that it started. I had called at the Admiralty on a certain Mr. K———, who was working on the Navy Board. He was a thick-set, middle-aged man, harsh and uncouth in his manners; and as soon as he learned of the value of our new discovery, he tried hard to force me to promise that I would have nothing to do with the Army and deal only with his Board. For the Army and the Navy were as jealous as two great cats. Finally he told me to go and see his assistant. But when I came out to the ante-room, I found it filled with officers, and at once I saw on their faces the signs of great excitement.

"'At last it has come!' one of them was exclaiming. 'What will be the result of it all?'

"Just then an older officer came in and told us what he had seen. He was coming up the Lithania (one of Petrograd's principal streets) in one of those little American cars. It was what you call a Ford. It broke down in front of

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the barracks of one of our Guard regiments. While he sat waiting for his chauffeur to fix the machine, he noticed a curious agitation on the faces of the young soldiers there, who were hurrying about, bringing out rifles, cartridges and several machine guns. There was a kind of happiness and yet something solemn and tragic, too, in the eyes of all these youngsters. He asked them to help his chauffeur with the car—but after consulting together a moment, one of them came and saluted and said:

"'Your Excellence, today we are starting to make the Great Revolution—and we shall have to take your car—to carry a machine gun to use against the Tsar's police. We hope you are a friend of the people and of the Army—we hope that you will not decline. We will find you a cab, your Excellence, so that you can go on your way. But please let us have your chauffeur—for we are not used to American cars.'

"He said this in a low respectful tone; and the group of young chaps standing there all seemed so very quiet, and yet so determined, too, that the officer said he felt at once that the Old Regime was done for. For this was a regiment of the Guard! One of the soldiers got him a cab, and as he started up the street they were hoisting a machine gun into the seat of his automobile. A few moments later they passed him, all of them smiling and waving their hats. But just ahead the car broke down; and now as he passed them in his cab, it was the officer's turn to smile—while one of the young soldiers cried,

"'Your Excellence, why did you give us this car? What a car for a great revolution!'

"The officer then went on to tell how he had seen many crowds of armed men, with women and children at their sides, marching down the streets and singing. I did not wait to hear any more; I went out to see it for myself.

"The streets close by the Admiralty were as silent as the grave, but very soon as I walked along I heard a tremendous humming sound, and when I came to the great square in front of the Winter Palace, I found it like a beehive, black with swarming thousands of people and of soldiers. I made my way deep into the crowd, listening, watching, all my thoughts and feelings gripped by a force gigantic—like the world! But a new world! It was like a dream!

"Then suddenly I heard the word go round to burn the Palace. At once I thought of the Hermitage, which stood so close to the Palace that one could not burn without the other—the Hermitage with its Rembrandts and all its other treasures of art. My father and I had often been there. The place had been like a holy cathedral, my only religion as a child. And so now, as I stood in a trance, something strange happened inside of me—and what took place I cannot recall. I remember shouting to two men to hoist me up on their shoulders. Then I began speaking to the crowd. And as I noticed that thousands of eyes were turning in my direction, I seemed to lose all consciousness. Now I was speaking down to them from somewhere in the cloudy sky. . . . When I regained my senses I was lying on the pavement. There was cool dirty snow on my face, and a soldier on his knee beside me was unbuttoning my shirt. . . . The Winter Palace was not burned. I do not mean in the least to say that the Hermitage was saved by my speech. That doubtless played but one little part in the thoughts and passions deep and obscure that go surging through such a multitude. I was simply a molecule in a storm.

"From there I went down the Nevsky, for I had some urgent business with a Jew at the other end. I found the big wide thoroughfare almost completely empty—no people on the sidewalks, no isvostchiks (cabbies), no trams. My Jewish friend was highly excited. 'I tell you,' he said earnestly, 'that what is happening today may change the future of the world! The Old Regime was ready to make peace with the Kaiser soon, but this change may keep the war going for years!' He knew many politicians, and his quick confused account of the chaos and alarm in those circles was indeed a contrast to the tremendous humming force of which I had just been a part. A big banker had told him that on the market all values were now breaking fast. I left him and went out again.

"More and more I had the certainty that the long expected Revolution, which in Russia had gathered its forces for fifty years, was upon us at last. I cannot express how *deep* it felt. The whole nation seemed to be rising here. It was as though, as I walked along, I could feel the people gathering in villages by thousands in every corner of our land.

"Suddenly, as I came round a corner, I saw men and women and children running toward me in scattering crowds. Not a shout or a scream, but on they came and fled into doorways on both sides. In a moment or two, behind them I heard the rapid thud of hoofs, and then over my head the bullets began to buzz like so many bees. I looked around for a refuge, but all the doors were either closed or the doorways packed with people. I ran along close to the walls; and as the fusillade increased, I dropped on my belly. Down the street came the mounted police firing on every side. They passed, and I heard a few groans close by—and somewhere a child began talking in a shrill, excited way.

"I jumped to my feet, and running on I reached the Nickolaevsky Station. It was being fired upon by police from across the square, who had installed machine guns in the windows of the Great Northern Hotel. I managed to get through the station and out onto the railroad tracks, and from there I wandered off through the poorer residence parts of the city. There was hardly a street or a courtyard where you could not hear the shots. For the revolutionists were hunting down the Tsar's police, who took refuge in the houses and were driven up, floor by floor, into the attics and onto the roofs.

"Now I was near to the Neva; and as I reached one of the bridges there, I saw two young servant girls coming across it with loaves of bread, skylarking along and making fun of the bullets hissing over our heads. Their excited laughter struck into me with a chill. A machine gun opened from nearby, but by now I was tired of running. I walked along in a kind of a daze. I remember meeting a sailor boy who said that the police had just seized the Admiralty. As we came near to that building, a dozen soldiers in front of us suddenly dropped on their faces. We did the same, and just in time—for the police in the Admiralty windows were getting the range very nicely now. There was ice and mud in the streets, and dirty snow piles here and there. Through these we crawled or wriggled along, pretending we were wounded. So we went for nearly a mile.

"When I came at last to my mother's apartment, the servant girl who opened the door cried out when she saw me,

"'Juvenale Ivanovitch! Never in all my life did I see a chimney sweep who looked like you!'

"My clothes were torn; I was covered with mud. My mother was glad to find me alive. I had a hot bath and got into clean clothes—and then all at once with quite a

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shock I remembered that for five hours at least I had not smoked a cigarette. Moreover, there were none at home. I left our apartment and hurried downstairs. Out on the street I heard shots again and saw the dark shadows of soldiers. Only a few street lamps had been lit, but there was a light in a druggist's shop. I went in and asked for cigarettes. They were sold out. But in a tea shop across the street, a kindly little fellow, a Jew, took pity on me and gave me one.

"On my way back home, I met several soldiers with a young student in command. He was lighting a cigarette. I said, 'What a beastly business! One can't get anything to smoke.' The boy dropped his match and looked at me; he smiled in a strange sort of way and said, 'This is more a time, brother, for potassium cyanide.' The next instant he swung round on his heel, and up went his Browning—for out of the darkness came a small crowd. I could see the shine of their bayonets. A voice called, 'Are you for the Tsar or against him?' There was a moment's silence then, and I was rigid as a post. In the eyes of the boy beside me I could read the question: 'Are they the Tsar's provocateurs or are they real revolutionists?' He called sharply back to them, 'We are all right, brothers—come on!'

"The two groups joined and marched away. As I went home, I heard more shots, and people running. I heard distant cheering, too. At home I found that the outer door to the building had been locked and barred. I pounded on it, and at last a voice from inside asked, 'Who is there?' I gave my name, and the voice then said, 'Give the number of your apartment.' I did, and the porter let me in.

"All night I heard shooting in the streets. I lay in my bed but I could not sleep. The words of Pushkin came to my mind. 'Russia can never have revolution. Russia can have only riot—merciless, bloody and senseless.' I did not dare to hope for an end of all the dissipation, intrigue, the stealing and cheating of war profiteers, the German cabal in the court of our Tsar, the tyranny of the Old Regime, the dark ignorance of the people. As I listened to the shots that night, I thought that in mobs and violence the slowly growing vision of over half a century would all go up in a smoky cloud. In the room next to mine, my old mother had lighted the little lamps in front of both her Ikons, and all night I could hear her on her knees, praying,

"'Oh God—oh Christ, our dearest brother—help our people—help them! Save them from misery, grant them success! There has been so much suffering in our land!'

"So she prayed all through the night. Toward morning I had dropped asleep; and when she came to awaken me, there was a shining look in her eyes like that of an eager happy young girl.

"'Oh, Juvenale, my dearest, I must go and see all they are doing!' she said. 'We must be careful, of course, how we go; but I feel so sure that the soldiers are good kind lads and will do us no harm.'

"I told her that she must not go out, for I could still hear shooting. But then with a guilty look she explained that she had already been to the market and had talked with the people there.

"'They were all so happy,' she said, 'in a good sweet way, as though each had a solemn light in his soul, as people have during the Easter prayer. Everybody looked like that—people of any class, rich or poor. Absolute strangers met each other and suddenly talked like old friends. Never in all my life did I dream there could be such friendliness in the world!' And as she spoke, there were tears in her eyes.

"I went out on the streets and tried to get news. I asked for newspapers, but people laughed. 'What a man,' they cried, 'not to realize that there can be no papers now!' The streets were crowded with people. They looked as they do at Easter time. I heard a young girl say gayly to another as they hurried along, 'Easter is very early this year!' And others as they passed me were singing softly, 'Christ is Risen.' Nearly all were smiling like children who are too happy to speak aloud. And I thought, 'Something really great has come! Now a new force is in the world! Now the Germans will see what we can do, when all their spies and their intrigues are swept out of Petrograd!'

"I heard workingmen on the streets say, 'This is no time to make money. Now we will work—because we are free. And until the new Russia is safe, all the wages we will ask is enough to feed our children.' I went into a milk shop, and found a strange new order there; for the customers, rich and poor, were going themselves to the milk cans, pouring out what they needed and putting down their money on the counter, careful to leave a fair amount. I grew curious and watched them close, but not one person failed to pay.

"On the streets every doorway was crowded with men and women and children watching the army trucks go by. Each truck was filled with soldiers. All the private automobiles had also been commandeered; and were filled not only with soldiers but with armed students and workingmen. Most of these fellows, who were mere boys, had the most solemn looks in their eyes. When they passed, all the people would wave and cheer, and would exclaim with tears on their faces, 'They are ours! The army is ours at last!' It was strange to see no police about. It was wonderful to see the people all so obliging, all so kind. The worst looking specimen of a man would step off the path into the wet snow to make room for a woman or a child. I felt a rising happiness. I heard a band playing the Marseillaise, I saw red flags, I saw women crying out just for joy, and I noticed now that most of the men wore little red ribbons on their coats.

"Here and there on the corners were speakers who told us how to organize. They acted like newspapers now; they told us what was being done and called on everyone to help. They were forming militia police to keep order, and organizing the food supplies, finding where food was needed most and how it should be distributed to every quarter of the town. They formed committees in every house, and a larger committee for every block; and these committees ascertained the needs of every family. Everyone was trying to help. Real work and a boundless bright good will flowed like waves from all the streets up into every room in the town. It was one of those great miracles that come to a nation only at moments.

"If only such a mighty force could be guided right, I thought, and spread all over Russia, out to every town and village. Now was a time for thinking of larger things than food for ourselves. And because for so many years I had been absorbed in the life of the peasants, searching for some way to settle the greatest of all Russian problems—the land, and how it should be made to yield better lives to the people—my mind came back to this question now. This was like a tremendous rock, sharp and ugly, underneath all these smiles and happy songs. It must be clearly seen at once, it must be answered with a plan—or soon it would rise slowly up and split the whole revolution apart."

ERNEST POOLE.

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Exiles

Exiles, a play in three acts, by James Joyce. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00.

SO good are the fine qualities of Exiles that the defects seem to be an illusion, but the more the play is examined the more fundamental and inexplicable seem its defects. It is part of Mr. Joyce's gift that he appears intuitive and occult. It does not seem possible that all his intuition and penetration could go astray. But Exiles neither creates a perfect conviction of being like human experience nor quite recalls experience in terms anything like its own. On the contrary, Mr. Joyce seems definitely to force human beings to do and say unlikely things, and to jumble up the true perspective of their lives. He is exceedingly keen in making people talk like people. He has a genius for idiom and idiosyncrasy and no one could be better than he in the way he dovetails his conversations. His ear is sharp, also, for the click of one personality against another, and for the corroborative phrase. But when it comes to comprehending men and women in their skins and under them, he can hardly be said to be reliable. There is an unreality around certain passages in Exiles that suggests the literary alchemist vaguely striving to transmute pretty theories into honest flesh and blood. The flesh and blood of Exiles, so far as it is honest, does not fit the theories. They are imposed by their author on subjects unwilling and rebellious. The result is a disharmony that almost defies literary analysis. It condemns Exiles to a limbo outside the normal hell and heaven of appraisal.

So far as Richard and Bertha are concerned, the play is clear enough. Bertha is the simple woman who falls desperately in love with Richard, who is a writer, nine years before, and runs off with the "curious bird," regardless of everything else. Richard is the man of pride and scorn who does not deign to explain himself to his dying mother and who allows her to judge him hardly and savagely for his refusal to bind Bertha by marriage. The situation of Richard and Bertha, back in Dublin with their child nine years after the event, only becomes obscure and confusing by the introduction of Bertha's old suitor, the journalist Robert Hand.

In the old days, it is made clear, Robert Hand and Richard Rowan were extremely intimate. They rented a little cottage in the suburbs together, where they had "wild nights long ago—talks by the hour, plans, carouses, revelry. . . . It was not only a house of revelry, it was to be the hearth of a new life. And in that name all [their] sins were committed." In the new days of the play Robert, still intimate with Richard, is carrying on between thirty and forty the experimental attitude of his youth. And it is with Bertha, the simple woman, that he is now experimenting. Bertha "is a young woman of graceful build. She has dark grey eyes, patient in expression, and soft features." It is this aspect of her that most arrests Robert. Robert loves what is beautiful, and desires what he loves. Under the eyes of his friend Richard, Robert actually woos Bertha, at the same time seeking to secure for the distinguished Richard a professorship in a Dublin university.

The intrusion of Robert into the scene is not in itself confusing. Bertha is somewhat attracted by Robert and her jealousy of a woman who admires Richard induces her to encourage Robert, though she keeps reporting to the mordant Richard every stage of the amour. What is hopelessly confusing is the spiritual seriousness that Richard seems to attach to Robert and Robert's views. At times it seems quite clear that the portrait of Robert is a delighted satire of the middle-aged philanderer. Robert is facile, facetious, hackneyed, uncritical, cheap. But just when one is ready to conclude that this is a most amusing version of the Irish gadfly, Richard begins to address solemn words to him with regard to Bertha. "Have you," says Richard, "have you the luminous certitude that yours is the brain in contact with which she must think and understand and that yours is the body in contact with which her body must feel? Have you this certitude in yourself?" The glib Robert retorts, "Have you?" Instead of an irony, Robert receives a solemn answer. "Once I had it, Robert: a certitude as luminous as that of my own existence—or an illusion as luminous." And then is reported the flippant comment of the journalist. "On the last day (if it ever comes)," he brightly suggests, "when we are all assembled together the Almighty will speak to us like this. . . . He will say to us: Fools! Who told you that you were to give yourselves to one being only? You were made to give yourselves to many freely. I wrote that with My finger on your heart." Yes, and on woman's heart, too. We think too much of bodily union, declares Robert. "We think too much of it because our minds are warped. For us today it is of no more consequence than any other form of contact—than a kiss."

If there were anything in Robert to give depth to his attitude on romantic love, it would be easy to suppose that Mr. Joyce was balancing it against Richard's attitude. But the triviality of Robert with Bertha, his second-hand epigrams, his stale pleasantries, his general imperviousness to "the spirit," make him utterly impossible as a protagonist. The excitement that he creates by making love to Bertha has no genuine significance. If Mr. Joyce had made him less frivolous he might have been supposed to disturb the fine assumptions of Richard's life. As it is he could but rumple their surface, provided Richard had any gravity. But Richard is strangely credulous for a man of insight. He is prepared, if necessary, to give up Bertha. Leaving Bertha to an assignation with Robert in the famous cottage of his own youthful revelries, he writes all night (and thinks) and before dawn goes walking on the strand, "hearing voices." He even "despairs." "I have wounded myself for you," he says to Bertha, "a deep wound of doubt that can never be healed." She protests that nothing happened with Robert during their evening together, she has remained faithful. "I can never know, never in this world," intones Richard. "I do not wish to know or to believe. I do not care. It is not in the darkness of belief that I desire you. But in restless living wondering doubt. To hold you by no bonds, even of love, to be united with you in body and soul in utter nakedness—for this I longed. And now I am tired for a while, Bertha. My wound tires me."

Had Richard possessed humor, his "wound" would not have tired him. He would have disposed of the debonair Robert more easily, or at least seen more readily the folly of discussing with Robert "the death of the spirit." Two such characters, in real life, could not have met in the same sexual plane.

But in spite of this curiously jarring supposition, with all Richard's cold dissection of Robert's kisses and his meticulous desire to release Bertha, there is a strong reality in the woman's love for him and her yearning for him and her jealousy. His desire to be betrayed by her is also intelligible. It is only his interchanges on the subject of love and freedom that seem so unimaginable.

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To say "unimaginable" is merely to protest incredulity. Those who can imagine the proud and scornful Richard tolerating the discourse of Robert will take a different view of Exiles. To them it will be much more than an imperfect antithesis of sacred and profane love, much more than a glimpse of the finite munching away at the infinite. It will be a genuine drama with no false intimations, no cross-currents, no theorist frigidity at the core of its being.

F. H.

Mr. Asquith

Some Aspects of the Victorian Age, by H. H. Asquith. New York: Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

MR. ASQUITH'S lecture, though it can lay no claim to originality of insight or keenness of comment is at any rate evidence that some due portion of his days has been spent among those eternal verities we call literature. His lecture is, in many ways, the mirror of himself, rarely eloquent, always sure-footed, demonstrably full of sober commonsense, never at a loss for the obviously right phrase. He has no disturbing judgments to offer. Carlyle, Ruskin, Meredith, Arnold, all seem to strike him as they would strike any able man of well stocked mind and adequate training. Only one hint of the deeper matters seems to escape him when he wonders if a planless world is a conceivable hypothesis. Only one unordinary opinion seems to move him, the doubt whether Darwin is the compeer of Faraday and Kelvin and Joule. For the rest, he mainly says what any educated man would be expected to say in a London drawing-room or at a political dinner from which official topics have been banned.

It is a little disappointing, perhaps, to those who know Mr. Asquith as, without exception, the most skilful parliamentarian of his time. He is the equal of Mr. Balfour in debate and unquestionably his superior in ease and clarity of statement. He has none of Mr. George's fervid rhetoric, and he cannot rise to the passion of eager conviction which, on occasion, made John Redmond the greatest English orator of the last ten years. But the House of Commons has become a business assembly overcrowded with business. There is no time now for the apostle of classical quotation in which Fox and Pitt and Canning indulged amid the plaudits of two generations. We have descended from the empyrean to the matter-of-fact earth; and, premising that there are facts revealed to creeping things which escape the vast survey of the eagle it may be urged that in this lowlier sphere Mr. Asquith has still to find his master. No one in his generation has so exactly and surely controlled the House of Commons as he has controlled it. No one has displayed the same tact and strength, at times, the same inflexibility. He has known how to inspire respect; and there has been amongst his opponents that not unwholesome fear of his dialectical powers which is essential to parliamentary leadership of the highest kind. He does not, like Mr. Gladstone, attack like a whirlwind, loosing at once a stream of thought, inference, invective, passion. His method is rather a slow, deliberate analysis of his opponent's case, magnificently exact and relentlessly logical. It is, of course, seen at its best when the victim is so nicely suited to his temper as Sir F. E. Smith or Sir Edward Carson. No one could quite so compellingly unwind the former's unchaste veil of rhetoric; no one quite so nakedly rough-hewed the ends divinity had neatly shaped about the Ulster leader.

It is the fashion to term Mr. Asquith the typical Balliol man; and in the age when Oxford has been surely conquered by the American invader, it is worth while to analyze the phrase. Balliol, since Jowett's time, has been famous in five continents; and Mr. Asquith pays gracious tribute to the worldly wisdom of her famous master. Oxford is a place so apart from the ordinary world, so strange a compound of antiquity and the modern note, that the ordinary observer fails as a rule to detect its subtle charm. It is a place which can be known only to its children, and it loves those only who give to it without reserve their own affection. What, somehow, it effects is the orientation of life, the emphasis upon what is worth while to search and feel and know. It values with a definite qualitativeness. It cares deeply about affairs of state. It is essentially at once a home of lost causes and of causes that are yet to be won. It affects an unconcern about all things save the content of the mind which, to the outsider, seems a betrayal of the great commonplaces of life. It is a curious mixture of prejudice and breadth of mind. It is capable of being all things to some men, and to many less than nothing. It is peculiarly absorptive. Hegel and Kant it will transmute into the mellow liberalism of T. H. Green. It can produce Arnold Toynbee and Lord Milner and make of them the closest of friends. It can produce irrationalists like Newman and delightful snobs like Matthew Arnold. It can evoke the bitter contempt of Gibbon and Southey, and the deep affection of John Locke. It can give birth to the Royal Society, and then neglect scientific research for two centuries. It can breed the most virulent type of antiquated Toryism, and nowhere do the latest socialistic novelties find so quickly an earnest welcome. Like all great places it is a paradox, for it utters no truth that it does not lash to scorn. But it has in the last century provided a training-ground for statesmen

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such as Europe has hardly seen in modern history. Canning and Peel and Gladstone are a company of whom none dare be ashamed; and they represent a tradition which has been carefully fostered since the time when Jowett succeeded Mark Pattison as the dominant influence of Oxford life.

It is, in the main, a wholesome tradition; for its essence is to be sought not in the great noblemen who have flocked to Christ Church and Magdalen, but in that solid middle-class which, since the seventies, has formed the backbone of English governance. It is to that stratum that Mr. Asquith pre-eminently belongs. No one will deny it determination and a certain breadth of outlook. It has all the fine negations from which Stuart Mill compounded his famous definition of liberty. It is patently honest, not unduly self-critical, a little deficient, perhaps, in quickness and imagination. It does not lend itself to large generalizations such as enable the French mind to sweep the accumulated wisdom of a generation into a single concept. It does not burrow into the recesses of human nature with that terrible patience which enabled Bismarck to win a whole people into servility. It sets itself a goal only half seen and moves leisurely, half-questioningly, to its attainment. Nothing makes it eager to explain itself; yet, within the confines of its own nature, there is little doubt of its true purposes. It can hurt by its bluntness and heal by its unexpected perceptions. All of which goes, in some sort, to explain the success of the British as administrators and their comparative failure as statesmen. They do not like the long views; but they are unsurpassed in the accomplishment of the details of those views. The long views they have the wisdom to obtain from the annexes of their kingdom—Jews like Disraeli, Irishmen like Burke, Scotchmen like the younger Mill. They never give the whole where a half is adequate. They never justify that half save by the proof that the whole at least might have been reasonably conceded. No race save the English could have survived a revolution like that of 1776; no constitution save the English could have survived a reform like that of 1832.

Here, pre-eminently, are the secrets of Mr. Asquith's career. There are no great political discoveries connected with his name. He has taken the party opinions as they were shaped for him by other hands and given them a sober and dignified expression. He has been a kind of mediator between conflicting parties. He had nothing to say to the uncompromising authoritarianism of Lord Hugh Cecil; he was at least indifferent to the uncompromising collectivism of Mr. Sidney Webb. If Mr. Lloyd George forced him into paths he would rather have avoided, he was always able to find the sources of his joy in other travels. He could delight in the struggle with the House of Lords, where the Insurance act left him unmoved. He was genuinely concerned over Home Rule where he was unenthusiastic about unearned increment. He was, in fact, a liberal of Mill's school who was willing to adventure socialized liberalism so long as he could proclaim the beauty of the old faith. And he brought to the task a power of leadership which, in its massive stubbornness, has rarely been equalled in recent history. But it is difficult to avoid the conviction that Mr. Asquith was not really responsive to the new facts he encountered. He lacked the mercurial swiftness of Mr. Lloyd George, on the one hand, the patient philosophy of Lord Morley on the other. The new tones of a changing civilization led him to caress the old. He met their challenge with a defiance worthy of a leadership that does not admit it has no party to lead.

H. J. L.

A Study of the Commonplace

Nocturne, by Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.40.

MOST of the characters in current American fiction are thin and dry as pressed leaves—the closing of the book obliterates them. Or if they survive in the mind they are docile folk who may be put back upon the shelf at will.

But the creations of this genial Englishman cannot be looked casually over and then shut in between covers. Stark, vivid and alive, they continue to impose on us their unsolicited company. From Keith, well poised and mentally groomed, to the senile Pa, we must become intimate with all. And, conscious of their perfect introduction, they intrude into every corner of our souls, outstaying their welcome with plebeian amiability.

As for Jenny, browsing on her pallid reflection in the train window or face down upon her pillow fondling her wrenched dream, she is an acquaintance we shall never be able to shake off.

The six o'clock dinner in the flat with the two sisters and Pa Blanchard, who has become an embodied and strenuous appetite, stays in the memory as something in which one has actually taken part. Even the gurgling of Pa's pipe persists: "He was what is called in Kennington Park a wet smoker."

Jenny alone of her family is afflicted with the faint stirrings of a mind. Distempered with her first spiritual growing pains, and sniffing wistfully at the pale orange flower water of romance, she throws her admirer to Emmy as she might a rather stale bonbon. Her soul yearns to the superior Keith very much as her palate does for ices and wine. She has merely looked at Alf as one expecting to dine well throws a waste glance at a lunch counter. But Emmy sex-starving, unappeased, awaits him in a growing ferment like milk on the turn. She regards her sister with all the eternal bitterness of Martha for the inexplicable lure of Mary.

"And tell me when *I* go out! I go out shopping. That's all. But for that, I'm in the house day and night. You don't care tuppence about Alf—you wouldn't, not if he was walking the soles off his boots to come to you. You never think about him. He's like dirt to you. Yet you go out with him time after time. . . ."

We see her later "her lips parted in an expression of that stupidity which is so often the sequel to a fit of crying." And feel the pungency of Jenny's rather acrid aura in the damp atmosphere after the quarrel. But never, never shall we forget our almost indecent intimacy with Alf! The author has presented him only fully clothed and mannered for decorous company, but somehow we know how he eats when he is alone. He permeates the pages like the odor of a rank and muscular onion.

Poor Emmy, too, suggests the thick and gradually toughening stalk of a vegetable. We feel it is none too soon when Jenny thrusts her into the reluctant but quickly closing arms of Alf. Nothing in the book is better done than the subsequent love scene between the two, and the slow smacking satisfaction with which they find each other's level. That slovenly embrace in the shadow and Emmy's hat "knocked a little to one side" is another picture the reader will have to carry away from Nocturne.

The love scene between Keith and Jenny is managed with a delicate understanding of the emotional nuances of a virgin's mind. The author seems to stand within her consciousness so that every vibration is adroitly conveyed. She is shown under a full light, and we watch her thoughts flut-

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Start Saving Money Today

STOP Careless Spending
BEGIN Intelligent Spending

By CHARLES W. HOYT

IN these days it is the duty of every man, woman, and child to stop careless spending of money. It is right to spend money carefully and intelligently, but it is unpatriotic and disloyal to spend one's income on the hit-or-miss plan.

Fifteen years ago, George B. Woolson laid out for his own use a system for keeping a personal and household cash account. Several friends saw it and wanted one for their own use. So he had about a hundred copies printed and ruled. Then he sent out a few hundred circulars, which was the start of the business of George B. Woolson & Company. Since, and up to the beginning of this year, several thousand copies have been sold yearly. For the past ten years there has been practically no advertising. The books have sold because of word-of-mouth advertising or one person recommending it to another. On September 1st last year, there were about 30,000 users of the book in this country.

One day last September a young man walked into my office and asked me to advertise Woolson's Economy Expense Book in his magazine. He said that he had a new reason to offer as to why this should be done. For ten years I had refused such offers, because George B. Woolson & Company had not been able to make money by advertising this book. Almost every attempt to advertise it had resulted in a loss; and they had let the merits of the book sell it.

The young man told me that there was a wonderful opportunity right now to sell a book which, like the Woolson books, helped people to save money. He said that the opportunity was greater than ever before in the history of this country. I told him that nobody could profitably advertise a cash account, or expense book, because the sale and the profit per book was too small.

The young man was insistent. He refused to be shaken from his position in insisting that the times were right. Then he took another position. He even told me that it was my duty, that I owed it to my country, right now when saving and intelligent spending was so important, to advertise Woolson's Economy Expense Book. He said that I was in a position to "do my bit" in just this way. I refused to give him an answer then, but his words and his reasoning stayed with me.

I knew that during the past fifteen years hundreds, yes thousands, of young people, married and single, had been helped in their personal and household financing by Woolson's Economy Expense Book. I had read letters by the hundreds from people who had written in for a second copy, in which they told of the great help that Woolson's Economy Expense Book had been to them. I knew that it was a good thing because I had used a book in my own family for years. I had presented many copies to young people and knew that it had helped them.

But the facts were that the concern had not made money by advertising. They had long ago decided to stop experimenting on further advertising. In fact, they didn't have enough money to advertise.

But the young man's logic kept coming back into my mind. Finally I yielded, and in one of the November big monthly magazines Woolson's Economy Expense Book was offered for sale. The advertisement sold enough books to more than pay its cost.

Within three weeks after it appeared I decided that the field really was big; that right now the people needed and wanted such a book; and that there was a possibility of selling it through advertising. I ordered, and committed myself for $30,000 worth of advertising. Of course I did it expecting to make money, but also because I believed I ought to do all I could, to help people to so handle their personal money affairs that they would be able to help "win the war" with their savings.

And so, over an interval of two months, this $30,000 was spent. Thousands of books were sold. During January, February and March, George B. Woolson & Company had great trouble, because of the abnormal conditions, to manufacture sufficient quantities of books. But finally, at about April 1st, sufficient books had been made to fill all orders to date.

Every man, every woman, who earns and spends money, should keep an account of it; should be able to tell quickly, at any time, for what the money has been spent. Every family that has an income of even $1,000 per year, every individual who earns $800 per year, should run a cash account. If you cannot afford a Woolson system, you should start one that you can afford; but the facts are that nobody earning at least the amounts named can afford not to run a Woolson account.

Because I know that there are several million families in this country who will be helped by the use of Woolson's Economy Expense Book, I am again placing orders for advertising, to the extent of a great many thousand dollars. I believe every person who buys this book, and uses it for at least one year, will thank me for bringing its merits to their attention.

Woolson's Economy Expense Book is a handsome, well-made book, bound in flexible fabrikoid leather. In the front of the book is a two-page article entitled "Getting On In The World." This contains many valuable ideas on the subject of proper personal cash accounts. It gives budgets showing the ideas of others as to the proper proportion of one's income to spend for rent or room, food or board, clothing, amusements, insurance, etc. The ideas given in this preface are worth hundreds of dollars to anybody who will read and use them.

Next, there is room for four years' accounting. The book is so arranged that you can always tell what every sort of expense has cost you. You can compare similar expenses by weeks, months or years. At the back of the book is a four-years' summary, by the use of which you can see at a glance exactly where your money has gone from year to year. The use of this accounting system will mean thousands of dollars to you in money and much more in peace of mind.

Woolson's Economy Expense Book is also made with the same ruling, but without printed headings. In this form it is useful for business, personal, and special purposes. There is a complete description of this style in the back of each personal and household book.

Three-quarters of the troubles of married life may be traced to an unintelligent use of the family income.

Right now is the time to start—not January 1st, but now when the fate of this Nation depends so much on what its people do with their money.

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Elmer Lee, M. D., Editor

Partial Contents of September

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Neuralgia and Tooth-Ache	Reginald S. Oswald, M. D.
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tering like young bees disturbed by the honey pickers. Keith's mind with its simpler outlines and flatter tone keeping its proper relation in the shadow. In this scene Mr. Swinnerton touches surely the agonizing nerve of human loneliness. Even when the lovers sit closely huddled together, their spirits elude each other. Jenny alone seems half conscious of this isolation. Keith is cheerfully obtuse. He presents a front of bright unconsciousness against which her longing beats impotently like a bird at closed windows.

The structure of the book is almost classic. The events take place in the course of a single night. And each chapter folds upon the other without visible apertures or creaking joints, so that in retrospect the mind encompasses the whole with a single gesture.

In theme and treatment is seems to usher in a coming democratization of art. Here is no preoccupation with the commonplace from the contemptous elevation of the intellectual aristocrat—Mr. Swinnerton approaches the vulgarest of his creatures with a genial tolerance. At the same time his book emphasizes the revival of that indiscriminate realism already apparent in the work of two very different writers, Wyndham Lewis and James Joyce. But though he etches accessory details with the minuteness of the author of Dubliners, he does not achieve the latter's biting phrases. In the work of Joyce one is always conscious of looking through a piquant and intensely individual personal atmosphere. But in Nocturne, as Mr. Wells says succinctly: "Life is seen as through a crystal lens." And in spite of the warmth and color of the book and the physical glamor of the soft London darkness, the characters challenge one's vision like objects seen in a too strong light.

LOLA RIDGE.

Famous Ghost-Stories, edited by J. W. McSpadden. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.

PEOPLE read ghost-stories more or less the way the boy in the fairy-tale went out to seek fear, he liked the thrill of it. In Mr. McSpadden's book are a few real thrills, some that once were, and some that never could be, such as Washington Irving's mild tales of fat and frightened New Amsterdammers, and Dickens's punch-pervaded Bagman's Story. Humor is more fatal to the ghost than the Society for Psychical Research; the spectral thrill must be taken seriously or it evaporates. But most of Mr. McSpadden's protegées are solemn as the graves they rose from. Bulwer-Lytton's The Haunted and the Haunters, Fitz-James O'Brien's What Was It and Mrs. Gaskell's The Old Nurse's Story are full of green lights and pale terrors, ghosts seen and unseen, fearsome enough to all but rank unbelievers. They have, at least, not been denatured by familiarity, the fate of Poe's Lady Ligeia and Kipling's Phantom Rickshaw, also included in this collection. Such bromide ghosts are impossible, but on the whole Mr. McSpadden has chosen well.

Contributors

LORD DUNSANY, author and playwright, born in Ireland. Author of The Glittering Gate, The Tents of the Arabs, and other plays. Has been fighting with the British army in France.

COLONEL EDOUARD RÉQUIN, a representative of the French General Staff now in this country.

ERNEST POOLE, an American, returned from Russia some months ago. Author of The Harbor, His Family, His Second Wife.

DR. ALEXANDER FLEISHER, formerly superintendent of the Welfare Division of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Now in France with the Rockefeller Commission for the Prevention of Tuberculosis.

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